



DIARY *of the*
KANSAS CITY
HIKERS

8.

MID-CONTINENT PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 0000 13385381 6

Eugene Wyatt

1914

MID-CONTINENT PUBLIC LIBRARY

Midwest Genealogy Center

3440 S. Lee's Summit Rd.

Independence, MO 64055

MGC

MGC-REF
Storage
Donation

DIARY *of the*
KANSAS CITY HIKERS

By
MYRTLE PAUL

1914
REYNARD PRESS
SAN FRANCISCO

FOREWORD

ON JULY 8th, 1913, a party of five consisting of Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Kuhn and small daughter, Ruth, aged five years, and Mr. and Mrs. Morris A. Paul started from Kansas City, Mo., to walk the entire distance to San Francisco, California, the principal object of the walk being for health and pleasure, although a pecuniary consideration was involved.

The entire trip covered a distance of 2,384 miles. This does not include the many extra walks taken, but is simply the distance covered in direct line of travel.

The number of days enroute was 227, although several stops of from one to five days were made during this period. We reached San Francisco at three thirty, p. m., on February 19th, 1914.

This diary is simply a record of the mileage made each day, the line of travel, etc.

We wish to take this opportunity of expressing our thanks for the many courtesies shown to us by those whom we met while enroute, and to say that we made many friends who can never be forgotten.

THE KANSAS CITY HIKERS,

By Mrs. Myrtle Paul.

Diary of the Kansas City Hikers

CHAPTER I

JULY EIGHTH. After several weeks spent in considering all phases of our undertaking—the many pleasures and many hardships—and after many weeks of preparation, the day has at last arrived when we are to take the plunge and START. I write the word “start” in capitals, and it is very appropriate, for the start is the most difficult thing of all. It caused me quite a pang of remorse when I closed the door on my little apartment, empty now, as all our goods have been sent to storage. But I am so eager for the start that the pang was of but momentary duration. Our start is to be made from Independence and Park Avenues, as our camp equipage is there at the confectionery store. So we are gathering there for the final preparations. Even at the last moment there is so much to be done.

Twelve o'clock. The boys have gone to get the horses and wagon to pack. The new khaki suits are very becoming to them. If it were not for the extreme newness I would feel very comfortable in my costume, which, like Irene's (Mrs. Kuhn) consists of divided khaki skirt, crepe blouse and brass buttoned khaki coat, with high top, low heel walking boots. Gauntlet gloves and large panama hats complete the costume. Ruth wears khaki Buster Brown costume.

One thirty. The boys just came with the wagon and team. The wagon and brown canvas top, together with the bright new harness, is very nifty looking. One of the horses seems a trifle nervous. Our friends and relatives are gathering to see the start, and we find we are attracting considerable attention. I am afraid our intentions have not been taken seriously heretofore, and our friends are just waking up to the fact that we are in earnest.

Four thirty. Well, at last we are seated in a street car bound for the Postoffice at Eighth Street and Grand Avenue where the start proper is to be made. We have had a trying afternoon, and were beginning to think that we

would have to postpone leaving until tomorrow. After carrying everything which was to be packed out to the sidewalk it looked as though we were going to have to supply another wagon and team. I, for one, could not see where all was to be packed, but the boys, with much assistance from the bystanders, just kept piling it in. We found at the last moment that the wash boiler and wash board we had prepared to take could not be gotten into the wagon, so we left them; it certainly disproved the old adage that "there is always room for one thing more." I do not think we have had a warmer day this summer, the thermometer registering 101 degrees. We said good-bye to part of our friends and relatives, and part are accompanying us to the postoffice.

Later. Upon reaching the postoffice we decided we had better have our dinner at a cafe, as it was five o'clock; we ordered, but excitement had robbed me of the little appetite I had, and I could eat nothing. While we were inside it began to rain, so we had a wet start, but nothing could dampen our ardor. Mr. Barnes and Mr. Kelley drove the team down to the postoffice for us, and at six o'clock, with our friends bidding us Godspeed, we started out Grand Avenue, stopping to pose in the rain for our pictures. Fortunately the rain stopped about six thirty, and our suits were only nicely dampened. We walked and walked, but could not succeed in leaving Kansas City behind us. When we reached Westport we found that one friend, Mr. Lilliston, had beaten us there, and was prepared to make our first camp with us. He walked with us to Fifty-ninth Street and Wornall Road, where we decided to stop for the night, although only a vacant lot was available for a camping ground. But we were so tired we could go no further. The boys unhitched the horses with considerable difficulty, as this is their first experience of any kind with horses. After tying the horses to the wagon wheels the problem presented itself as to how we were going to get the tent out of the wagon, as our idea was that of course we must have a tent to sleep in. It was finally decided that the wagon must be entirely unloaded, which was done; then the tent was put up, and the cots arranged. After this was done we had just enough strength left to undress and drop onto the cots, which, although they seemed very hard, were a haven of refuge. We walked seven miles on this first day, reaching our

camping spot at ten o'clock, but it was one o'clock when we were able to retire.

July ninth.. At four thirty o'clock we awoke and hurriedly dressed, as we knew the city would soon be up and doing, and we are not yet prepared to take camp life as the ordinary thing. We had no wood to burn, so decided to pack up and walk a few miles and then stop and cook breakfast. The packing began, but it was almost as bad as yesterday. Finally everything was put into the wagon, and at six o'clock we started out, Mr. Lilliston walking with us. This was the first time for many months when I had been up at this early hour, and I think the same is true of the rest of the party. It is certainly invigorating, and I felt as though I could walk miles and miles if only I might have some breakfast first. We walked through Waldo, and stopped for a moment at the home of Mrs. Eberfield, an acquaintance. She was getting breakfast, and I think if she had had any idea of how the odor of coffee effected us we would have been invited to have some. But she didn't know, so we walked right on. Mr. Lilliston told us goodbye and caught a street car back to the city. We soon left the last suburb of Kansas City behind us, and after walking about three miles I noticed my feet were becoming quite sore, and I also found that I had company in my distress. From that time we started to look for a camping place, but we thought we must have a stream and plenty of trees—a regular story book camping ground—so we walked on and on. At nine o'clock we reached Dallas, Mo., seven miles from our starting point this morning, and my feet hurt so badly that I had to stand on one foot, while I rested the other one. I noticed that the whole party had a tendency to stand on one foot, but each and every member said they felt fine. At last a camping spot was selected, a very pretty grove on Indian Creek. We were all weak from hunger, and other things, and I felt that if I could but take my shoes off my feet would feel better, but when the shoes were off I found that I had to have a pillow to step on or the pain was worse than before. The only position that was bearable was to sit in one chair with the feet reclining in another one. What little walking was absolutely necessary was done by placing something soft on the ground to step on. Gus (Mr. Kuhn) built a fire in our camp stove, and Morris (Mr. Paul) volunteered to get breakfast, which

was to consist of coffee, bacon and eggs. We had baker's bread, so did not have to make bread. That pleasure came later. When the bacon and egg sandwiches were passed to us all agreed that they rivaled any home breakfast ever served to us. For the rest of the day we rested, and in the evening prepared a really good camp supper. We bathed our feet in cold salt water before going to bed. Our cots did not seem nearly so hard as last night.

July tenth. We slept soundly until seven o'clock, and got up much refreshed. But at breakfast we held a conference and decided that the wise plan would be to stop here today in order to study out a system of packing the wagon which would allow us to make a quick camp. Then, too, we were all stiff and sore, and another day of rest would probably put us in better condition to travel. We spent the day in planning a system of packing the wagon, and also in planning our route. It had before been the intention to follow what is known as the Santa Fe Trail through Kansas, New Mexico and Arizona. But after talking it over and much studying of maps we decided to change our route and follow the Golden Belt Road through Kansas. So we must go north again in order to strike the Golden Belt Road. In the afternoon we went fishing, but caught nothing. I shot a turtle with my new Remington twenty-two rifle. We also had a lot of target shooting. We retired very early, as we wanted to get an early start in the morning.

July eleventh. We arose at four thirty, which was a hard thing to do, as we were all sleeping soundly, and it was still dark. We dressed and prepared breakfast as rapidly as possible, but before we could get under way it was six thirty. Even then we had to stop for a few moments to chat with the people living here. All of us were feeling fine after our rest, and walking in the early morning was delightful. All whom we met on the road stopped to talk to us. We reached Lenexa, Kansas, about eleven o'clock, eight and one-half miles from Dallas, and here we created the first sensation of our trip. Almost all had read the Kansas City papers and knew where we were going, etc., but they had begun to think we were lost, as they had been expecting us to pass through Lenexa. We had many questions to answer, many of which the questioners knew as much about as we did. We ate lunch here. We also had a carpenter build a feed

box for our horses on the back end of the wagon. We replenished our supply of groceries here, and at three o'clock we started north to the Golden Belt Road. Our feet were again in pretty bad condition, and walking was very difficult. When we had walked one and a half miles from Lenexa we saw a small stream that looked favorable for camping, and as a storm was rapidly approaching we decided to make camp. Anyway we had walked ten miles and felt that we had done splendidly. The thunder and lightning was terrible, and we were sure we would be wet before the tent was up, but it only rained a few drops, and the storm went round us. We built a fire and prepared supper. The slight rain had cooled the atmosphere until it was very pleasant. Tonight all are happy. It is so quiet and peaceful and makes one sleepy. We are beginning to sleep as we never slept before, and our appetites are beginning to be noticeable. All bathed feet in cold salt water.

July twelfth. This day was terrible. I can hardly understand how we stood it, myself in particular. At four o'clock we arose and made preparations to travel. I was unable to eat my breakfast as I was very ill, but to lay over today was not to be thought of. Yesterday we ate fresh fruit and vegetables, and we have been advised not to do so during this extreme hot weather while we are out in the hot sun. At six o'clock we started walking, and we climbed up hill after hill for seven miles. The heat was intense; our feet were sore; every quarter of a mile or so I had to lie down by the roadside, as I could not stand the pain I was suffering. To make matters worse there is a scarcity of water through this country, almost all the farmers having to haul their water for some distance, and for several miles we could get no water, but when we did find water we drank too much. About twelve o'clock we arrived at Monticello, all of us worn out. Here we met Mrs. Hammond, who invited us to lunch with her. After lunch we spread our blankets on Mrs. Hammond's lawn in the shade and went to sleep. We slept until four o'clock, and felt so much refreshed that we decided to go on to the Kaw River so that we might spend Sunday there. We left Monticello at four o'clock with very pleasant remembrances of all, as they were so very kind to us. We walked seven miles before reaching the Kaw River at Cedar Junction, making fourteen miles to-

day, reaching here at eight thirty in the evening, all more dead than alive. I remember Morris (Mr. Paul) helping me to my cot and nothing more. Irene tried to prepare some supper, but all were so tired and miserable that eating was out of the question.

July thirteenth. This morning I was unable to get up; in fact, was so weak I could not eat. But I could see that we had a beautiful place to spend Sunday in, even if we are too exhausted to enjoy it. We are camped on a high round knoll, overlooking the Kaw River and much of the river valley. Two young fellows came to go fishing with the boys, and we learn that we are camped on their land. The boys caught three fish which we cooked for dinner. I was able to get up about one o'clock, but was still very weak. About six o'clock all of us went down to the river to bathe. It was delightful. The bottom of the river is very sandy and one would almost imagine oneself to be on the ocean beach. When we returned to the camp we found we had visitors, a number of ladies and gentlemen in the neighborhood having come to call upon us. We had music on our mandolin and guitar, singing, and told our experiences up to date. We have decided we must take things easier, as we cannot stand so much on the start of our trip.

July fourteenth. We arose at four thirty and at six thirty were under way. A gentleman whom we found to be Mr. Louis Bottom of Kansas City, invited us to ride into DeSoto in his automobile, but of course we declined, explaining that this was a walking trip. We found we had mutual friends in Kansas City, and he was much interested in our "hike." He met us when we reached DeSoto about nine thirty o'clock. DeSoto seems to be a very good town. Potato growing seems to be the principal industry. We saw load after load of potatoes being hauled into DeSoto, and in every field numbers of people getting the crop from the ground; "potato pickers," as they are called. The people of DeSoto were very courteous to us, all being much interested in our contemplated trip. We spent about two hours resting here. Saw the old home of Governor Hadley of Missouri. We walked about two miles from DeSoto and stopped for lunch. It was so warm we could not go on, so we tried to rest, but the heat was worse than any previous day, and sleep was impossible. At three thirty we walked on

for two miles further, where we found a beautiful grove, and we decided to camp here. It was so shady that we decided not to raise our tent, so pitched camp without a tent. About a quarter of a mile east of us on the top of a very steep hill we saw a house, and I climbed up there to see if we could buy some chickens and eggs. For the first time we were classed as gypsies, and insinuations that we might steal left me in great indignation. However, I suppose all kinds of people are necessary to make up a world. We got the eggs and chickens at a house south of us. We found many wild gooseberries and dewberries here, and made pies of both. They were delicious. We walked eight miles today.

July fifteenth. This is such a beautiful spot that we decided to rest, and while we were resting to do the family laundry work, so spent this day here. Our dinner was a work of culinary art, and the quantities necessary to be cooked are increasing rapidly. The constant bathing of our feet in cold salt water is having effect, all being much better. We spent a very pleasant day.

July sixteenth. We were up at three thirty, but it was five thirty before we could get started. At ten o'clock we reached Eudora, a small town, and we stopped here for about two hours. We had to replenish our grocery stock, something we are going to have to do very often, we find. We left Eudora at twelve o'clock, walking one mile, when we had to stop, as the heat was frightful. We had lunch and rested for two hours, then started on, although it was still very hot. When we had walked two miles we saw a school house with a nice grove of trees around it, so decided to camp there. We frightened a horse so badly that it ran against the fence, tearing it down, and raised a racket generally. We didn't realize before how we must look. The lady who owns the horse had quite a hard time getting it quieted. We made our camp in the school house yard, but it was very unpleasant, as the dust from the road was bad. Load after load of potatoes pass here. Today we walked in dust ankle deep most of the time. We still bathe our feet in cold salt water, although they are feeling much better. We walked eight miles today.

July seventeenth. Arose at four thirty, and at six thirty were on the tramp. Walked eight miles to Lawrence, arriving there at nine thirty, and were given a splendid

welcome. We met several Kansas City people, among them Mrs. Cowgill, Mr. Carr and daughter and Mr. McKean. Here we received our first mail, and were all delighted to hear from home, as it seemed as though it must be a month since we left Kansas City. We had lunch and spent the entire day in Lawrence, leaving at six o'clock in the evening. We walked two miles in dust almost shoe top deep, as this road is much traveled. We struck the Golden Belt Road at Lawrence. No camping places along here, but a gentleman who saw us in Lawrence invited us to camp in his yard, which we did, and slept in the front yard. We cooked supper and ate by moonlight. We walked ten miles today.

July eighteenth. Today we accomplished ten and a half miles, although the heat was almost unbearable. We started at seven o'clock, walking through Midland and Buck Creek, small towns. All of the party had to stop for a couple of hours during the hottest part of the day, but I walked on alone to Williamstown, and cooled off there. Several times I was almost overcome with the heat, but by resting a moment I could keep on. The folks were about two miles behind me in getting to Williamstown, and all of us were much discouraged. I am afraid the walking is going to be pretty difficult if the heat does not break. We have a lovely place to camp here, a beautiful grove, but we are really too exhausted to enjoy it. Eating supper was an effort. About six o'clock the clouds began to gather pretty heavily, so the boys put up the tent. Later some of the Williamstown residents called to talk over the hike. We promised to send them postcards when we reached Frisco, and did not tell them how blue we are.

July nineteenth. We feel better this morning. It rained all night. We were up at four thirty, but could not get started until eight o'clock, as we had a good bit to dry out. Found it quite muddy walking. The rain cooled the atmosphere a little, but the damp heat is almost as unpleasant as before. There is one very encouraging thing; we all feel excellent every morning. At ten o'clock we reached Perry, quite a little town. We spent a couple of hours here and met some very nice people. We had to buy new halters for our horses, as Jim has a tendency to pull loose in the night, and has broken both his own and Bill's halter. I find that Mr. Raines, the banker at Perry,

is a brother to my first school teacher. We walked on to Newman, where we found a school house with a beautiful grove of trees and a well of good water. We got permission to camp here, and did so at three o'clock. Prepared a good supper, and then had a good rest. Walked eight miles today.

July twentieth, Sunday. We started at six thirty to walk twelve miles to Topeka. Walked through Grantville, a very small town. Here I called some friends at Rock Creek over long distance telephone, and they said they were coming to Topeka today to see us. When about two miles from Topeka we were met by Mr. Theodore Iliff, who walked in to Topeka with us. We bought spring chickens, eggs, etc., in the country before reaching Topeka. We reached what is known as the Three Bridges at the edge of Garfield Park at twelve thirty, and were invited to camp in a private park owned by Mr. and Mrs. Patzyl. We made a very elaborate camp, as we expect to have a number of visitors, and are going to spend two days here. Irene and I walked over to Garfield Park and met some of our friends from Rock Creek, Mrs. T. J. Long, Mrs. J. Rasmussen and children. Took them back to camp with us and prepared dinner. In the evening more friends came from Rock Creek, Messrs. John and Fletcher Long, who drove over in their auto. We had a fried chicken supper. Everyone was delighted with our camp, and the Long boys said they were going home and fix up some sleeping cots like ours. At ten thirty all the visitors left with the exception of Mr. Iliff, who spent the night with us.

July twenty-first. All slept late, and at nine thirty we walked up into town, a distance of about two miles. We met numbers of people, spending a pleasant hour with the Mayor and other city officials. We also met the Editor of the Topeka Capital. We were invited to take lunch with the Pryor family, old friends, and did so. Mrs. Kuhn arrived from Atchison to visit Gus, and he took her out to our camp. When the rest of us went out at six o'clock she had supper ready, a very good one to which all did full justice.

July twenty-second. In the morning Irene, Morris and I went up town. We met more friends, Mr. Craig, formerly of Atchison, Kansas, also Percy and Bud Reed, none of whom knew us in our walking costumes until we made

ourselves known. We did not go home until supper time, after which we went to Garfield Park for an hour. We had visitors in the evening, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Walsh, Miss Irene Pryor, Mr. and Mrs. Patzyl, and others.

July twenty-third. Mrs. Kuhn, Sr., went home this morning. We packed and at ten o'clock left camp, but it took us some time to walk through Topeka. At twelve o'clock it started to rain and rained very hard. We donned our rubber coats and hats and walked right on. A man who passed us called out, "Let 'er rain." We did. It did not stop until we reached Silver Lake, a small town. We camped in a grove and found it quite unpleasant, as everything was so wet. A large camp fire soon made things more cheerful. Walked twelve miles today.

July twenty-fourth. We did not get around this morning until quite late, eight o'clock, and then had to wash mud from boots, coats, etc., and dry things out. Before we got started a troop of soldiers passed on their way to Ft. Riley. At one o'clock we started, walking to Rossville, where we stopped for two hours. The soldiers are camped at Rossville, so camping ground is pretty well taken up. We walked one mile from Rossville and made camp. Walked seven miles today.

July twenty-fifth. The heat is terrible again. We slept until seven o'clock, and at eight thirty started on the hike. The soldiers passed us just as we started. Walked six miles to St. Marys. Stopped for an hour, then out a short distance and had lunch. It was so hot that we laid down and slept until four o'clock. Walked one mile and found a beautiful camping place, and as none of us feel well we decided to camp. It is almost too hot to try to travel. Walked eight miles today.

July twenty-sixth. Today we did not attempt to travel. Spent the day in trying to keep cool, but did not succeed. Slept lots and ate lots.

July twenty-seventh. Today we plodded through the heat and dust for twelve miles, where we struck the Kaw River. Camped on the bank of the Kaw in private grounds of Mr. Hoover. We reached camp at one o'clock, so had a long afternoon to rest. It is pleasant, as there is a little breeze blowing over the Kaw. After a splendid chicken dinner at five o'clock we went bathing and swimming in the river. Set some fish lines, so we may have fish for breakfast. I killed the first game, a squirrel.

July twenty-eighth. We arose at five thirty, and sure enough had fish for breakfast. At seven o'clock we hiked out, getting to Wamego at nine o'clock. It looks like a circus was in town at Wamego, as the streets are decorated for the coming Chautauqua week. The folks took the wagon road, but I decided to try the railroad track, as I thought the dust would be less thick, and I could stand the heat better. We left Wamego at one o'clock, going our separate ways. When I had walked about four miles on the track I felt a peculiar feeling in my head, and knew the heat was getting the best of me. Fortunately I saw a well of water quite near the track, and I bathed my head in water, soon feeling better. When I reached St. George I found that the Golden Belt Road did not pass through it, but was three miles away. So I walked over to the Golden Belt Road, then a mile back until I found the party. This gave me a fourteen mile walk today, the others ten. All are exhausted tonight, principally on account of the extreme heat.

July twenty-ninth. Started at eight o'clock, walking ten miles to Manhattan, arriving there at one o'clock. Went directly to a restaurant and had lunch. Spent the whole afternoon here, getting supper at a restaurant. We left at six thirty and walked one mile out to camp, then discovered we had left the horses' halters in town, and Irene and Gus went back after them. Manhattan is quite a pretty town, and the State Agricultural College is located here.

July thirtieth. Today we walked thirteen miles. Passed a large amusement park, also Rebekah's and Odd Fellows' home. Stopped at each place for a short time. Same old heat today. Camped at Ogden, a very old town. The buildings look as though they were built years and years ago, and we understand they were. Ogden is just outside the Ft. Riley reservation.

July thirty-first. Today we crossed some beautiful country, the Ft. Riley Government reservation. Passed the old First Capital of Kansas building, and stopped to take pictures of it. Walked up through Ft. Riley. We were just too late for the state maneuvers, as they were held here last week. We arrived in Junction City at one o'clock and spent the afternoon here. Late in the afternoon we camped one mile south of town in Kepperling's grove on

the Kaw River. In the evening we were visited by Mr. J. J. Pennell, who drove out in his car. He pronounced our camp ideal. We walked ten miles today.

CHAPTER II

AUGUST FIRST. We did not leave camp until ten thirty. I wanted to see how quickly I could walk to Chapman, a distance of thirteen miles, so I walked on alone, getting to Chapman at two o'clock. I did not stop at all between the two towns. Add to this the extreme heat and the heavy dust, and I am beginning to feel like a "hiker." It was four thirty when the rest of the party reached Chapman. We ate ice cream, then walked one mile and camped in private grounds on the Smoky Hill River. Here we discovered we have broken out with some kind of poison. We do not know what kind.

August second. We walked only seven miles today, going through the small town of Detroit, then to Enterprise, where we camped. We spent the afternoon in Enterprise. Had our lunch at the Commercial Hotel. They are holding a Chautauqua here. We met the entertainers, most of whom are Kansas City people. They took our pictures, and were much interested in our trip, also in our wagon with its large banner on the side which says, "Kansas City to Frisco." Enterprise is full of people on account of the Chautauqua. It is a thriving little town, principally owing to the milling industry. It boasts one of the largest flour mills in Kansas. In the evening we visited the Chautauqua.

August third, Sunday. Spent the day in resting. The boys fished in the Smoky Hill River. We are camped on the bank overlooking the river. Had a splendid dinner, but no fish. The poison is getting pretty bad. It looks as though it may be ivy poison, and is very unpleasant.

August fourth. Walked from Enterprise to Abilene in two hours, a distance of six miles, getting into Abilene at ten o'clock. We had lunch here, and spent the day. The people of Abilene are most courteous to strangers, and

we made many friends. Met Mr. C. M. Harger, the President of the Golden Belt Road Association, who is also the editor of The Reflector. We also met the Mayor of Abilene and had a little chat with him. Mr. and Mrs. Sherman, who live at Sand Springs, invited us to come there to spend the night, and we accepted. Sand Springs supplies Abilene with water, it being piped four miles. The water is practically pure, being 99.99 per cent. We left Abilene at five o'clock, and when we reached the suburbs a lady stopped us, introducing herself as Mrs. Butterfield. She said that she and her husband with five children walked from New York City to Hamilton, Ohio. She was naturally interested in us. When we had gone about one mile out of town her husband overtook us, and walked with us to Sand Springs. He had much to tell us about walking. We camped in the yard of Mr. and Mrs. Sherman. After supper some people whom we met in Abilene called on us, two automobile loads. We are all suffering a good deal with the poison. Our bodies are broken out almost solid. Fortunately our faces are free from it. The heat in the middle of the day makes it almost unbearable. But we console ourselves with the fact that we might have been poisoned had we staid at home. Walked ten miles today.

August fifth. Just before starting we went across the road and looked at Sand Springs. The spring is encased, but we went down into the pumping station and could see it splendidly. The water is fine. We left at seven o'clock, and got into Solomon at nine thirty. We consulted a physician here in regard to the poison, but he could not tell us just what it is. Dressed it the best possible, but we got very little relief. I suffered intensely all day. We staid in Solomon until four o'clock, then walked seven miles further and camped in a school house yard. Had watermelons today. Walked thirteen miles.

August sixth. I felt so badly this morning that we did not start until nine o'clock. Walked two miles to New Cambria, where I saw another doctor. He gave me some medicine for the poison, and said I must not walk in the heat, and must not wear such heavy clothing until I got better. So we went to the junction of the Saline and the Smoky Hill Rivers and camped in a beautiful grove. Mr. Schrader of Kansas City lives here, and they were very kind to us. I went to bed immediately and spent the day

in treating the poison. Mrs. Schrader brought us iced milk, also fish. There are lots of fish here, and the boys fished. Gus caught a two-pound fish. In the evening we had visitors, Mrs. Schrader and Mrs. Donmyer, a neighbor. I could not get up. The rest of our folks are not so badly poisoned as I am.

August seventh. We spent the day in camp; I staid in bed. We had plenty of fish to eat. Mr. Schrader fishes a great deal, and markets the fish in Salina. There is a large dam just below us, and the fish congregate here.

August eighth. We arose at four thirty, as we wanted to get into Salina before the sun was high. All feeling better, although the poison is still bad. At six o'clock we started and reached Salina at eight thirty, spending the entire day there. Salina seems to be a good town, but one hears nothing but hard times, as it is so dry that all the crops are dead. Of course this is true of Kansas in general, but I believe Salina is more badly off than any place we have yet seen. We met some Kansas City people in Salina, Charles Bren and others. We had both lunch and supper in Salina, leaving at seven o'clock in the evening. Walked one mile and camped. This evening we feel better, as we have not been in the sun. Walked only seven miles today.

August ninth. At six o'clock we started walking without breakfast, as we wanted to get a good appetite before breakfast. Walked one mile and had the appetite, so prepared breakfast. The wind blew a regular hurricane, and it was very hard walking. But the heat is not so noticeable. We did not get to Bavaria, a small town, until twelve o'clock. Stopped in Bavaria until three o'clock resting, when we started on. Walked six and one-half miles in one hour and forty-five minutes, getting to Brookville at five forty-five. We found ourselves right in the midst of a carnival, the streets full of people, and we were soon the center of attraction. We had supper at the hotel. We staid in town until ten o'clock, then as we did not want to camp in town on account of the large crowd we walked out, but we could not find a place to camp, as the fence was very close to the road on both sides and we found no place to get through. When we had walked two miles, and through the worst sand and dust we have seen yet, we saw what seemed to be a large grove, a beauty, so drove the team in, got out our cots

and went to bed. Walked eighteen miles today.

August tenth. We slept very late, then were awakened by hearing voices. I looked around and discovered that we had camped in a farmer's front yard. The farmer had discovered us, of course, when he got up, but had decided not to disturb us as he knew who we were. But we were much embarrassed and explained the situation. The farmer, Mr. A. B. Fowler, invited us to spend the day here, it being Sunday, and we did so. We procured spring chickens, lovely cream, fresh eggs, and had a splendid dinner. The wind is blowing terribly and the dust and sand is horrible. We are just entering the Harker Hill region, and it is really very pretty. In the evening we decided to walk a few miles, as it is moonlight and very pleasant to walk. The night breeze is cool and pleasant. At seven o'clock we left Mr. Fowler's farm and walked eight miles. We passed a beautiful home which belongs to Mr. Root, and cost, we understand, \$14,000; it is thoroughly modern, having an electric light plant and water piped down from a spring on a large hill. We stopped there for half an hour and filled our water tank. There is a scarcity of water in this vicinity, so when we find good water and can get it we fill our tank. The road winds down a valley between the hills and by moonlight is very beautiful. Ruth became sleepy, so we laid her in the wagon seat. We were walking along in the moonlight, when suddenly a horse and buggy drove up behind us and frightened Jim and Bill. They started to run, with Morris, Gus and I after them. We were slightly ahead of the wagon or we would never have caught them, but Morris managed to get hold of the lines, and was able to get control of the horses before they had gone more than five hundred yards. We looked back and Irene was down on her knees crying. We did not care so much about the horses running away, but Ruth was asleep in the wagon, and if the wagon had been upset she would most probably have been killed. She did not know anything about it, having slept through the excitement. At eleven o'clock we reached a farm house with a well of fine water. We called to them and asked if we could have water, and when told that we could we watered the team, as well as ourselves, and went to bed right in the road.

August eleventh. We slept until eight o'clock. Just after we finished breakfast two men walking and pushing

a cart on two bicycle wheels came down the road. They were on a hike from Pennsylvania to Frisco, but did not appear to want to talk to us. Their names are Miller and Haines. On the push cart is painted "Meet Us in Frisco. Smile." We thought if they expected others to smile they had better return the compliment. When we reached Carneiro they were resting and we passed them. Two miles further we stopped to rest and had lunch, a fine one; we had roasting ears (which we found hanging on plum trees in the moonlight last night). At five o'clock we walked on, getting to Kanopolis at seven o'clock. We had supper at the restaurant, then camped in the suburbs of town. While the poison is still very irritating to us, it is much better, and we have hopes at some future date of a complete recovery. We walked eleven miles today.

August twelfth. Kanopolis is a salt mining town. It is noted for its salt works, where at a depth of nearly one thousand feet, rock salt almost as clear as glass is mined. Near the railroad track is a dump of impure salt containing thousands of tons. By a recent court decision this dump has been roofed over to prevent seepage from salt after rain or snow percolating the soil and injuring water and pasture to the southward. These salt mines in many respects equal the salt mines of Poland, which are of well known fame, and to which travelers circle the globe. We visited the mines this morning. Mrs. Cowie, the mother of the men who are the principal owners of the mines, is dead, and will be buried today. At eleven o'clock business was closed on account of her funeral. At ten thirty we started to Ellsworth, five miles from Kanopolis, getting there at twelve thirty. Went directly to a restaurant for lunch. While at lunch we met a gentleman, Mr. Moore, who was interested in our trip to a great extent. He left the restaurant and returned shortly, bringing the mayor, Mr. Meeker, with him. Mr. Meeker said he would turn the town over to us. He is a very jolly fellow. Ellsworth is full of splendid people, and at five o'clock we walked out feeling that we would like to live in Ellsworth. We walked a few miles, stopping to eat a watermelon, and camped at eleven o'clock. We walked twelve miles today.

August thirteenth. Today we did not leave camp until six o'clock p. m. Walked nine miles by moonlight, and at ten thirty camped.

August fourteenth. We arose at six o'clock, and as we had nothing for breakfast had to go into Wilson, three miles, before we could have breakfast. By the time we reached the restaurant we had gotten up a very good appetite. Wilson is an enterprising little town of about 1000 inhabitants, although the extreme dry weather has effected business this year. We waited until five thirty on account of the heat, then walked nine miles, going through Dorrance at ten thirty. At eleven o'clock we camped. We walked twelve miles today.

August fifteenth. We walked thirteen miles today, walking in morning and at night, going through Bunker Hill.

August sixteenth. Today we walked thirteen miles, most of it after seven o'clock p. m. We did not camp until twelve o'clock. Spent most of the day at Russell. It is entirely too hot to try to walk at all in the day now. About nine o'clock a storm came up, and with the moon shining brightly on our left and the black clouds, lightning and rain behind us, it was a magnificent sight. We walked away from the rain, however, and did not get wet. After we went to bed it began to rain, but we drew up our army blankets and went to sleep. We are not using our tent at all any more. The open air is better for sleeping, and it lessens our work not to put up the tent.

August seventeenth. We slept until ten o'clock. It did not rain sufficiently to wet our blankets. We spent the day in camp, but started walking at six o'clock in the evening. About seven o'clock we were overtaken by a terrific wind and thunder storm, and we hurried into Walker, but the rain went round us, so we walked on. Went through Herzog a Catholic settlement. Here they have Catholic school and a large monastery. At twelve o'clock we stopped for the night, having walked twelve miles. The walking at night is fine, as the nights are almost as light as day now, and it is always cool.

August eighteenth. We started walking at seven o'clock and walked six miles to Hays, where we spent the day. Hays is quite an interesting town from the fact that it is the old home of Colonel Cody (Buffalo Bill). We saw what buildings are left standing of old Fort Hays, and there are only a few. The Western State Normal is located here. We had a nice visit with Mayor Chittenden, a very interesting man. He, with his daughter, was on the

Celtic boat coming home from England when the Titanic went down, and he told us of the events at that time. The Celtic was only seven hundred miles from the Titanic at the time the Titanic sank. We walked only four miles this evening, making ten miles today.

August nineteenth. This morning we walked ten miles, going through Yocemento, where there is a large cement plant. We reached Ellis at noon, and had lunch there. This is a railroad center, and the point at which we change to mountain time. We spent the afternoon in the city park at Ellis, leaving at seven o'clock. About a mile from Ellis we saw what we are informed are the last trees we will see for many miles. Two large trees by the side of the road, so we sat down under them and ate a lunch. We camped four miles from Ellis, on Big Creek, having walked fourteen miles today.

August twentieth. This morning after breakfast when the boys took the horses to the creek to water them they saw fish jumping out of the water after grasshoppers. So they decided they must fish some. They caught six perch and one catfish. We walked ten miles today, going through Ogallah, where we had lunch. In Ogallah we met Mr. A. B. Vaughn, and found we had many mutual friends near Kansas City. We were awakened about two o'clock in the night by Jim snorting and tearing around, and before we could get to him he had broken his halter and was loose. We spent about half an hour running around in our night clothes before we succeeded in catching him.

August twenty-first. This morning we walked to Wakeeny. The dry weather has played havoc with this town. A great many of the buildings are empty. The elevators are closed down. This is the case, however, in almost all the towns through this country. But in Wakeeny I believe that empty houses are the rule instead of the exception. About a mile from Wakeeny we stopped to get lunch and to spend the afternoon. Before we had lunch prepared a frightful sand storm came; I believe "dust" is better than sand. We could see the black cloud coming toward us rapidly, so prepared for it. The boys lashed the wagon to the ground with ropes and stakes, and we put on our rubber coats and hats, all huddled together on the ground, by which time it was upon us. We were soon black with dust. After about twenty minutes it began to rain, and of course the dust settled. At five o'clock we started,

walking in the rain to Voda, where we camped. We walked fourteen miles today.

August twenty-second. We walked fourteen miles today, going through Collyer and Quinter, and had supper at the latter place.

August twenty-third. Today we walked fifteen miles, walking through Buffalo Park, Grainfield, and camping in a school house yard at eleven o'clock at night. The country through here is all practically the same, dry and desolate, grasshoppers endlessly, and many of the farmers abandoning their homes. There is a small strip of country around Buffalo Park where they have some rain, and things look a little better. Walking through this country is getting monotonous, and we are beginning to be anxious to reach Colorado.

August twenty-fourth. We slept late, and after having breakfast Gus went to a house about one-quarter of a mile from the school house to see if he could get some chickens and eggs. The lady said they had nothing of that kind. They were just leaving their home, and did so today. The story of crop failures and hard times they told was pitiful. We carried our water from their house. There is plenty of good water through this section, but we cannot get it many times, as the windmills are fastened up, the farmers having done this before leaving. Most of the wells are from one to three hundred feet deep. At sundown we started out to walk a few miles, and walked four miles, camping just outside of Grinnell.

August twenty-fifth. This morning we walked through Grinnell and Campus, getting into Oakley at noon. We ate lunch in Oakley. We decided to leave the Golden Belt Road here and follow the Union Pacific Railroad straight west. We left Oakley at seven o'clock, but camped two miles out in front of a vacant house. The windmill was fastened up, so we had no water except what we carried. We get ice in every town, so we generally have cool water in the water tank. We walked fourteen miles today.

August twenty-sixth. About two o'clock in the night Irene waked us, saying some animal was coming right toward our cots. We did not find out what it was, but presume it was a coyote. It frightened Irene so badly she did not sleep any more. We did not start walking until nine o'clock, so could only walk three miles, when it

got too hot for us. Waited until four thirty then walked on to Monument, where we had a splendid supper at the hotel. We had fried chicken and lots of good things. We made the mistake of leaving Monument without filling our water tank, as we have had no trouble getting water when we needed it. Three miles from Monument we stopped at a farm house for water, but were refused absolutely. And we were told there was not another house for three miles. The country was rough, and the moon went down, but we had to have water, so walked on stumbling over the rough ground. At eleven o'clock we reached the farm house and got good water. Camped in front of the house. We walked twelve miles today.

August twenty-seventh. Another warm long day. We walked twelve miles, going through Winona and Page. Spent the middle of the day at Winona.

August twenty-eighth. This has been the most pleasant day of our trip. We are all recovering rapidly from the poison. At six o'clock we got up, and were delighted to find it cool and pleasant. The wind was in the north. We had a good breakfast, and started walking at seven-thirty. The country is different through this section, being rough and hilly; on all sides are hills. Six or seven miles away we could see McAllester. Irene and I walked ahead of the boys and Ruth and soon left them two or three miles behind us. We crossed the North Fork of the Smoky Hill River, both of us wading. We met a man hauling a load of canteloupes and watermelons. He gave us a cantaloupe and a watermelon and we ate both of them. The watermelon was good, but the cantaloupe was the best one we ever ate (at that time; we have since eaten seven more just like it). When the boys met the watermelon man, whose name was Mr. McMillen, they bought a large watermelon and seven cantaloupes. They inquired very minutely as to the patch, but I think Mr. McMillen grew suspicious because they failed to find out just where it was. We saw our first prairie dog town today. We reached McAllester at eleven o'clock, bought our groceries, then went to the south end of town to an empty building and waited for the boys and Ruth to come. This building is a queer place. It is very large, very old, and was once a hotel. I hardly see how such a large hotel could ever have been supported in this town. There are only three or four houses in the town. The dining room and kitchen has been converted

into a dance hall, with a platform made of four cracker boxes covered with boards; this for the musicians. Around the room are benches, and the floor is fairly smooth. The windows are out, and the building looks as though it might fall down at any minute. They have dances in it occasionally. As soon as the folks came we ate our lunch in the dance hall and rested until four o'clock, then took the trail southwest. Five miles from McAllester we found a house which sits down under a hill which is occupied by a colored family. We were interested in the rock formation here, and the colored people were very courteous to us, showing us the natural corrals of magnesia rock, and there are a number of them which they use for their stock. The magnesia is a peculiar pink shade and can be easily cut with a pen-knife. We climbed to the top of the corrals, about fifteen or twenty feet, where we took some pictures. From this place we walked two and one-half miles to camp. It grew so cold that we had to build a camp fire to keep warm. We walked sixteen miles today.

August twenty-ninth. Started walking at nine o'clock, passing a school house which was open, so we went in and played the organ for an hour. We enjoyed it, too. Walked through Gill, where we stopped half an hour to talk to Mrs. Gill. Soon after we entered the Ft. Wallace reservation, but it is all homesteaded now. However, a great number of the homes are deserted on account of the drouth. At one o'clock we stopped at a deserted house to get lunch, and as the heat has returned in full force, we decided not to go further today. I had a dreadful headache this afternoon, the first one since we have been walking. Today we walked only eight miles.

August thirtieth. We were up early, and at seven o'clock were on the hike, getting to Wallace at eight o'clock. This town is very old, and there are many interesting stories told in regard to it. There is an old store building here which rumor says has not been opened for over twenty years. I remember reading a sensational story in the Kansas City Star about the same building. We saw the store, and had a great curiosity to see the inside, so hunted up the owner, Mr. Peter Rubideux, to see if we might. Mr. Rubideux was very nice to us, but would not permit us to go into the store. However, he told us that the stories were much exaggerated; that he had been in the store many times, and had sold quite a lot of the goods from it. We

contented ourselves by taking a picture of the buildings. This town was Ft. Wallace some years ago, and was the largest town in western Kansas, but the most of the buildings were moved away. One of the buildings which was a saloon here years ago is now a church fourteen miles south of town. The railroad shops were moved from here to Cheyenne Wells, Colorado, and hence the removal of many of the buildings. We spent two hours in Wallace, where we met a number of very fine people. Six miles from Wallace we found a house that looked like a garden in the wilderness. We went inside to get a drink of water, and found beautiful canaries, parrots and chickens. The beautiful trees and flowers are all irrigated, and even on such a hot day it looked cool and inviting. Half a mile further we saw a nice home, with irrigated gardens and truck land. We stopped to get melons, tomatoes, etc. Mr. Duphorne, Jr., and his sister, invited us to dinner, but we are ashamed of our appetities, so did not stay. They told us to camp on their land just below the house where there are nice trees, and we did so. I started a camp fire, and at the same time a forest fire. Before we knew we were all fighting fire, and unfortunately burned a great stretch of good green pasture, which is very valuable this year. We had a good laugh after the fire was out, because just when the fire was raging the worst I insisted on making tea on my little camp fire. I had the water on, and water is almost as valuable as pasture. Mr. Duphorne and his wife passed just as our fire was well under way, and of course stopped in, but were lovely to us. As soon as lunch was finished we walked on to Sharon Springs, another railroad division point. We decided to spend tomorrow (Sunday) here, so camped just inside the town. We walked ten miles today.

August thirty-first. We have a very nice camp, except for the fact that the wind is almost maddening. We had some visitors today. We decided to walk a few miles in the evening, so at seven o'clock we left Sharon Springs, walking until ten o'clock, seven miles. The wind blew a perfect gale, and we had to tie the bed clothing to the cots. Our great fear was that in a wild leap heavenward the cots would go on up. But we managed at last to go to sleep.

CHAPTER III

SEPTEMBER FIRST. We arose early, but getting breakfast was a problem. We have plenty of edibles, but we are in grave danger of starving to death, as it keeps us chasing things which the wind blows away. It is nothing uncommon to see Morris or Irene, in fact, any of us, running after an egg or a slice of bread, and from a cup of coffee we generally manage to get one good swallow if we stand facing the right direction. We started at eight o'clock, passing right through Monotony without a pause. We reached Weskan, a small town, at eleven o'clock. We met the gentleman here who owns the land where the underground river lies. An experimental station has been put in just about a mile south of the town to irrigate land from this underground river. Weskan is the last town in Kansas, and four miles from Weskan we struck the Colorado line, where we stopped and held a jubilee, and took some pictures. We feel that we have accomplished something now that we have walked across Kansas. Two miles further we camped at Chemung, Colorado, which is simply a railroad siding. For our first supper in Colorado we had fried chicken. A heavy storm passed all around us, but we got only a sprinkle of rain. We walked thirteen miles today.

September second. We started about the usual time. The country is very much the same here, just a vast prairie, very thinly settled. There are lots of prairie dogs, and, we hear, rattlesnakes, although we have seen none yet. We got into Arapahoe, our first Colorado town, at eleven o'clock, and the landlady of the hotel, Mrs. Ash, invited us to dinner. We accepted the invitation and enjoyed a splendid dinner. We camped this evening among the prairie dogs and could hear them barking all evening. We walked fifteen miles today.

September third. Today we walked through the first saloon town we have seen since leaving Kansas City, Cheyenne Wells. Irene and I walked five miles in one hour today, and the country was rough, so we think we are almost record breakers. We camped at First View this evening, so called because here one is supposed to get the first view of Pike's Peak, but it was on a strike and refused to be seen this evening. We could find no one who would say positively they had seen Pike's Peak from here, al-

though all agreed it could be seen IF conditions were just right. Anyway there is a magnificent view from here toward Pike's Peak which we could plainly see. The post-mistress here, Mrs. Melton, is a very agreeable little lady. She invited us to a dance tonight, but we were too sleepy to go. We heard the dancers pass our camp about three o'clock in the morning on their homeward way. Today we walked fourteen miles.

September fourth. After vainly scanning the western horizon for a glimpse of Pike's Peak we started toward it. Irene and I decided to walk on the railroad track, while the rest took the wagon road. One mile from town Irene saw our first rattlesnake, and it was a real life-sized one. She was several rods in advance of me, caused by a large red ant having just bitten me on the thumb, and I was just ready to call her back to see if I could be dangerously wounded when I heard her scream, then turn and run back down the track toward me. She was right upon the snake before she saw it, and she thought it was dead, it lay so quiet; then she saw it stick its tongue out, coil, and heard it rattle, and she saw no more. She was weak from fright. In about ten minutes I stepped over another one without seeing it. From that time we watched very closely for rattlers. I did not think there were so many prairie dogs in the world as we have seen in the last few days. They sit up and bark at us constantly, and are not very much afraid of us. We get within six feet of them before they drop back in their holes. We stopped at a house to get a drink of water and told the lady about seeing the big rattler. She asked us if we killed it. We could only look at each other wondering if she expected us to pick it up and wring its neck. She said she killed them every day. We had lunch at the store in Arena, then walked on to Kit Carson. Before we got to Kit Carson a section worker passed us on a "speeder" and asked us to ride. Irene and I rode a mile to see how it would feel. It was a real novelty. Kit Carson is a fine little town, and the people so jolly and friendly. We met a lady here, Mrs. King, who lives in Topeka, Kansas. She is visiting her sister, Mrs. George Taylor. We have mutual friends in Topeka. We camped for the night just outside Kit Carson, and after supper Mr. and Mrs. Taylor and little son, and Mrs. King came to our camp and spent the evening with us. They are interesting people, and we enjoyed the evening spent with them. We

saw our first "real" cowboy in Kit Carson today. We walked sixteen miles today.

September fifth. Today we walked through Sorrento, stopping there for lunch, then on to Wild Horse, where we camped for the night. Wild Horse looks as I expected the western towns to look. It covers a good deal of ground, and is very picturesque looking. We met some very fine people here. Met a young lady who is suffering with a fractured skull. She was thrown from a horse a few days ago. She said the horse was "locoed." We walked twelve miles today.

September sixth. Today we walked eighteen miles, going through Aroya, where we had lunch, and getting to Boyero at three o'clock. A ball game was in progress when we arrived. We camped in a grove of trees on the creek just outside town. The creek water is as clear as crystal.

September seventh. Spent the larger part of the day preparing meals and eating. Eating is beginning to be one of the main things in life with us. All are feeling well, and the weather is cooler. This afternoon Mr. Cullen, a merchant of Boyero, came to our camp and spent a couple of hours. Jim, one of our horses, was sick today, and the boys took turns running with him, as we have heard that is good for a horse with the colic, and Jim acted as though that was his trouble. I presume the remedy was all right for Jim, but bad for Morris and Gus. It is still a little warm for running in the middle of the day. In the evening we walked five miles.

September eighth. We were awakened at five-thirty by rain in our faces, so we rushed around to get our bedding in the wagon out of the rain. Built a fire and had breakfast in the rain, as we had no tent up. We walked to Hugo today, thirteen miles, and had dinner at the Lincoln Hotel. Hugo is the largest town we have seen since leaving Oakley. It is a railroad division point, and seems to be a very good town. We met a number of fine people here. Today we offered our team, wagon and harness for sale, but did not get a large enough offer, although we had several, so we did not sell. We have decided to sell as soon as possible, as we do not need our extensive camping outfit, and it only makes a great deal of work for us to do that is not necessary. Our best offer was \$250.

September ninth. We left Hugo late, as Irene was ill. She thought she would feel better walking, but she became

worse. I think she is ill from drinking alkali water, as we have found a good deal of it of late. We walked to Limon, fifteen miles, and had supper at the Lincoln Hotel before we camped. Our camp is just by the water tower overlooking the town, practically the whole country for miles around. We are told that we can get an excellent view of Pike's Peak from here, but did not see it. It is a very elusive thing, Pike's Peak. We offered the team for sale, but did not get an offer amounting to anything.

September tenth. Irene felt worse this morning, so we did not leave Limon until late evening when she felt better. Then we only walked three miles.

September eleventh. It was so cold this morning we could not bear to leave the fire. I am afraid we are going to need our tent very soon. We started at nine thirty and walked to Resolis, where we had lunch. We asked the usual question, "Can we see Pike's Peak from here?" and had the usual answer, "Yes, if it is not cloudy it can be seen plainly." I did not see any clouds, but I did not see Pike's Peak. The country is very hilly here, and walking is more difficult. We walked thirteen miles, when we stopped and put up the tent, as it grew so cold. Gus killed two rattlesnakes today, and had rather an exciting experience. He saw one snake and killed it. He reached down to pick it up when Morris called to him to kill the other one. There were two snakes, and he would probably have been bitten if Morris had not seen the other snake. One snake had seven rattles and the other eight. We are camped on top of a high hill, and "if it is clear" we may see Pike's Peak in the morning.

September twelfth. It was very cold last night. We could not keep warm, and were cold all night. I got up first and built a fire, as I do not mind cold, and then I am always nearly famished before I get breakfast. While I was making the coffee I thought of the Peak and looked for it. It seemed to me that the whole western sky was covered with it. Last night it snowed on the Peak, and our first view of it was certainly glorious. I called everyone at once, and there was great excitement. We sat a long time over our breakfast, all facing Pike's Peak. We could not tire of looking at it. It glistens in the early morning sun like an immense diamond. Mattison, a small town, was just one and one-half miles from where we were camped, and we walked down there in a few minutes. We

met some very fine people in Mattison, among others Mr. Mathewson, for whom the town is named. He advised us to offer our team, wagon and harness to the highest bidder at Calhan tomorrow, saying he thought we could sell them there. Walked through Simla, another fine little town, where we had lunch; then on to Ramah, where we camped. We were almost freezing before we got the tent up. The wind blew right from Pike's Peak, and we felt the effects of last night's snow. We walked fourteen miles today.

September thirteenth. It was so cold this morning that we were very late getting started. Everybody hated to leave the warm tent. We started at eleven o'clock, and Irene and I hurried on ahead of the rest to get an auctioneer to put the team up at auction when the boys came with them. We were in Calhan at two o'clock and immediately looked for an auctioneer. We were referred to Mr. Nance as being a very good one, so found him and told him what we wanted to do. He arranged for a public auction sale as soon as the boys brought the team. Just at four o'clock they brought Jim and Bill into Calhan, and ten minutes after they came into town the outfit was sold to Mr. McCurry. We received \$280 for team, wagon and harness. We selected a spot near the railroad station to put up our tent and unload the wagon. After the wagon and team had gone we felt as I imagine people feel when they are put out in the street with their possessions for not paying rent. But we carried everything inside preparatory to shipping what we need to Colorado Springs, where we expect to get some pack burros. The rest of the things we intend to sell here in Calhan. We walked ten miles today.

September fourteenth. We spent the most of the day in getting things ready for shipment. Irene and I took off our walking costumes, dressing in civilian clothing for the first time since leaving home. We went up town to dinner, but were very uncomfortable. Our clothing showed our nice brown complexions to such good advantage. And we felt as though we had been stuffed into something entirely too tight. In the afternoon we had callers, Mr. and Mrs. Nance, and Mr. and Mrs. Wilson.

September fifteenth. This morning we sold what things we did not want to ship to Colorado Springs, among other things our tent, which is much larger than we will need. We will get a new small one at the Springs. We shipped several boxes to Colorado Springs, and bought tickets to

Colorado Springs on which to check our trunks. We had a great deal to do, but at two o'clock Irene and I could see nothing more to do, so we started ahead of the rest. Ruth wanted to walk with the boys, so we left her with them. Up to this time whenever she felt tired she would get into the wagon and ride. She has been riding less and less, and from now on will walk entirely. We intended to walk to Peyton, and told the boys we would meet them there, but the roads are so rough that no time could be made. When we had gone eight miles we stopped at a farm house and asked if we might stay all night there. Mr. and Mrs. Williams, who live there, said we could. We were not sure whether the boys and Ruth would come on the railroad or the road, and as the Williams house is half a mile from the railroad Irene walked over there to stop the boys should they be on the track. I watched for them from the house. It got dark, and very cold, still Irene did not come back from the railroad track, and the boys and Ruth did not come. I was worried, so Byron Williams went with me to the railroad track. Irene was almost frozen, so she went back to the house and I waited there. They did not come until eight thirty, as they had been so late in leaving Calhan, and were very glad they did not have to walk on to Peyton. We enjoyed a splendid supper which Mrs. Williams had kept hot for us.

September sixteenth. This morning it was still cold. We started from the Williams home at nine o'clock, walking through the little town of Peyton. We stopped at the ranch of Mr. and Mrs. Hymas for dinner, and had a regular feast. We spent a pleasant hour with them after dinner. We are now walking on the Lincoln Highway, much of which is not finished yet, and the men are working on it. We got into Falcon, a small town, at five o'clock, having walked fourteen miles today. The hotel was crowded, and we could not get rooms there. We found rooms at last at the section house with Mr. and Mrs. Lorimer. We had supper at the hotel before going to our rooms. Mr. Lorimer is thoroughly acquainted with the Rocky Mountains, and advised us as to the best route to take from Colorado Springs.

September seventeenth. The view of Pike's Peak this morning was beautiful. I took some pictures of it. At nine o'clock, after a splendid breakfast with Mr. and Mrs. Lorimer, we started to Colorado Springs, a distance of eighteen

miles. At twelve thirty we saw the first farm house, and stopped to see if we could get dinner there, but could not. As there was no other house between there and Colorado Springs we walked to the Springs without anything to eat. We were very hungry, and about two o'clock Ruth said to me "Oh, Aunt Myrtle, think about eating." I did. Ruth and I have the banner appetites. Just before we reached Colorado Springs we met two men in a wagon who stopped and asked us if we were long distance hikers. We admitted it, and told him how hungry we were. He had some apples in the wagon and gave us some. I never tasted better apples. We got into Colorado Springs at three o'clock, and immediately went to a restaurant and had dinner. Then went to the Ormonde Hotel. In the evening we went to a picture show. I must tell an incident which gives one an idea of how the different people judge distances. Today when about eleven miles from Colorado Springs we met a gentleman and asked him how far it was to the Springs. He said about eleven miles. When we had gone a few miles we met another gentleman and asked him how far to Colorado Springs. He said about six miles. After going a couple of miles further we met another, and asked him the same question. He said about eleven miles. Irene said she was very glad we were holding our own.

September eighteenth. We spent the day in shopping and sightseeing. In the morning we got new walking costumes. In the afternoon we went to Manitou and climbed Pike's Peak. This we did easily, I suppose because we are accustomed to walking. Descending Pike's Peak is a different matter. We fairly flew down, stopping at the Half Way House for supper. We reached Manitou at eight o'clock and took the car for Colorado Springs. Prince, our dog, has made many friends on this trip, but none greater than the landlady of the Ormonde Hotel. When we returned from Manitou we found she had cooked a steak for him, and taken him out for a walk.

September nineteenth. We are taking our meals at a restaurant just around the corner from the Ormonde, called Bill Nye's Restaurant. Mr. and Mrs. Nye are both very pleasant. Today we called on Mayor McKesson and had a nice little chat with him. He gave us a letter of introduction to Mayor Rolph of San Francisco. We also called on Mr. George M. Irwin, an attorney here, who is an acquaintance of mine. Morris and Gus today bought two

burros at the Stratton Park Burro Stables. Their names are Cheyenne and Blue Bess. We have bought pack saddles and pack bags, and are getting ready to travel with burros to carry our camp equipage.

September twentieth. We met a number of Kansas City people here, among them Miss Bessie Murray, Miss Flora Reiter, both of whom thought we were looking extraordinarily well. Miss Murray said we were the very first people she had seen in Colorado Springs who did not look tired. We did more sightseeing, and finished our shopping. We shipped our trunks to Salida, Colo. In the evening we went to the Princess Theatre, and the manager introduced himself to us. He was very enthusiastic about our long hike.

September twenty-first. We had an early breakfast, as we knew we would have much to do on this first day of burro traveling. The burros arrived at eight o'clock, Cheyenne, a grey, tall and thin burro, and Blue Bess, blue grey, short and fat. Mr. Goodwin, a gentleman in Manitou who had kindly volunteered to assist us in packing the burros for the first time, arrived, and the packing began. It had always been our idea that a burro could carry anything weighing up to a ton that could be tied on them, but I think Mr. Goodwin was rather dismayed at sight of the outfit to be put on two burros. But he packed Blue Bess, then while he was packing Cheyenne, Blue Bess rolled her load off. So we started all over again. It ended finally by us leaving about one-half of the things in Colorado Springs, and taking just what was absolutely needed. At twelve thirty we started south, hurrying the burros as much as possible, as at this time it is very embarrassing to us to have them lie down. We may become accustomed to it. I am not sure. Finally after much prodding, begging and pleading with Cheyenne, who persisted in lying down every mile, at least, we reached Cheyenne Mountain Ranch, of which Mr. J. F. Rose is the manager. Mr. Rose and his wife were very courteous to us, and invited us to camp near their home. We had a very hard time pitching camp, as so many of the articles to be used are new. We have the new tent, a new stove, which we found could not be used at all, etc. We ate a cold lunch and went to bed very early. Today we walked ten miles and the road is beautiful, many of the scenic spots of Colorado being just on the west of this road.

September twenty-second. This morning we cooked

breakfast on the stove in the house. We had delicious thick cream for breakfast, which Mrs. Rose gave to us. Mr. Rose went to Colorado Springs in his automobile, and Morris went with him in order to change our stove, and attend to some other things neglected before we left Colorado Springs. He returned in a motor truck, bringing a very good stove with him. While he was gone Gus went fishing in a lake on the ranch, but caught nothing. We took a number of pictures, some of the ranch, the lake, which is called Locklomand Lake, and of Cheyenne Mountain, which lies just west of the ranch. We took pictures also of the Rose children with Ruth and our burros. It took some time for Morris and Gus to pack the burros, as this was their first attempt; but they did very well. At two o'clock we told the Rose family goodbye and started. We have arranged for one of us to lead each burro and one to whip one. It takes four of us to get on with the two burros, and then we have to call on Ruth at times. The road is beautiful and if we were not so busy we would thoroughly enjoy it. A gentleman riding a bicycle overtook us and walked with us for some distance. Before crossing Rock Creek the road winds around and forms a "W" at one place and a "Y" at another. Before we reached Rock Creek we saw a storm in the top of the mountains on the west, and it descended upon us very rapidly, and before we could find a camping place it began to rain. We pitched the tent on the bank of Rock Creek under some large pine trees. The ground is covered with pine cones, and I had heard of something about pine trees that made very good beds. As we left our cots in Colorado Springs, I thought it would be a good idea to have a bed of this kind, and supposing the cones were the thing I began gathering them up rapidly. There was a good laugh at my expense when the folks discovered why I was gathering pine cones. We gathered pine boughs and made beds of them. Rock Creek is a very pretty little stream and makes a little noise all the time as it rushes over the rocks. The water is as clear as crystal, the bed being of rock formation, and I went to sleep listening to the ripple of the stream. We walked only four miles today.

September twenty-third. Soon after we arose it began to rain. We saw it raining up in the mountains before it rained on our camp. We knew it had settled down for

an all day rain, so we prepared for an all day camp. Morris chopped great piles of wood and Gus dug a trench around the tent to keep the water from running inside. Soon we saw the rain turn to snow up in the tops of the mountains and gradually change to snow in the valley. The boys went hunting, but got nothing. From our tent the view is beautiful; the snow falls softly on the green trees, while up in the mountain tops the storm is raging; and always we can hear the ripple of the brook in front of the tent. Cripple Creek lies just seven miles up the canyon from here. After we went to bed we heard some kind of an animal outside the tent and Prince made a great racket. The boys dressed and went out but could find nothing.

September twenty-fourth. Our provisions are running low and we are worrying a little, as the storm continues just the same. We can carry only a limited supply of provisions with our burros. We have two visiting burros today, little beauties, and we call them Jack and Gill. They strayed into camp this morning. We are very comfortable if we only had more to eat. The boys went hunting again, but with the usual result.

September twenty-fifth. For breakfast we ate the last bit of provisions we had, but the storm was over and the sun shone brightly. At ten o'clock our caravan started down the road in a string, stray mules bringing up the rear. About noon we passed an apple orchard, and both burros and ourselves had lunch. We saw a man driving a single horse hitched to a light buggy, and just before they came up to us the horse stopped, took a long look at our packed burros, then wheeled and ran, breaking the buggy. Fortunately the gentleman was not injured. The gentleman, Mr. Dockum, Sr., asked us to stop and tell his family that he was uninjured, as he supposed the horse would go home, and they would naturally be frightened. We enjoyed the scenery in Dead Man's Canyon very much. Here the mountains narrowed, bringing the intersecting canyons together as mammoth crevices in the earth. In pioneer days it was at this particular point in the mountains that so many men fell victim to the bandits. Just beyond Dead Man's Canyon we met Mr. Dockum, Jr., whom we found to be the gentleman who was riding the bicycle and walked to Rock Creek with us. We told him of the accident to his father's buggy, and he said the horse

had not gotten home. He invited us to camp at the Dockum ranch. We told him of our food scarcity, but he said they would take care of us along that line. When we reached the Dockum ranch we met Mr. C. C. Dockum, who made us very welcome. They supplied us with all the food we needed. We spent a very pleasant evening in their home. We walked twelve miles today.

September twenty-sixth. In addition to the many good things given to us by the Dockum family, this morning Mr. Dockum brought us a large pan of hot cakes. They have a deer which is as tame as a dog, a little beauty. We succeeded in getting some very good pictures of it. When we told the Dockum family goodbye at ten o'clock we felt that we were leaving real friends. We were short two burros this morning, Jack and Gill having left in the night. We will no doubt see much fine scenery before we reach San Francisco, but it hardly seems possible for anything in nature to be more beautiful than this road. The road was built by convict labor, and is an excellent automobile road. We had plenty of time to look at the scenery while waiting for Cheyenne to take her very frequent rests. We crossed our first mountain range today, reaching the summit about five-thirty. From the summit we descended rapidly, getting to the Rush ranch at six o'clock. Walking sixteen miles practically up hill all the way had tired us out, so Mrs. Rush prepared supper for us. Mr. and Mrs. Rush have one son, Glen, an electrical engineer, and at present he is at home visiting his parents. He built a fire in the large fireplace, using pinon wood, so we could see how beautifully it burns. It makes a very, hot, bright fire. This is the first pinon wood we have seen, but we are going to search for it when we build our camp fires. We enjoyed an elegant supper, after which we spent a very pleasant evening.

September twenty-seventh. After eating a splendid breakfast, we started at eleven o'clock. Mrs. Rush prepared a lunch for us to take with us, also gave us a bucket of apples. About a mile from the Rush ranch we entered a settlement of ten and twenty-acre tracts, all under irrigation, called Beaver Park. We saw lots of watermelons and cantaloupes, and bought some to eat. I felt badly today, so Gus, Ruth and I took the burros on while Irene and Morris stopped in the town of Penrose to buy some

provisions. We did not realize how many they were going to buy, and walked on for four and one-half miles before we stopped. We found a camping spot on the Arkansas River, and made camp. Some time later we saw Morris and Irene coming down the road looking something like pack burros themselves. They had begun to think they would have to walk on until night, and were carrying about one hundred pounds of groceries. We hadn't such an easy time ourselves, for it still takes two to get Cheyenne over the road, although Blue Bess will follow along pretty well; but when she sees a horse or team she invariably runs toward them to see if she cannot frighten them to death. Near our camp is located a spring of soda and iron water, and the water is hot. We are told that the ducks are plentiful around this warm spring. We telephoned to the game warden to see if he would give Morris and Gus permission to shoot some ducks in the morning. He said he could not give such permission, but would see that we had some ducks. We had some visitors in the evening. Today we walked only eight miles.

September twenty-eighth. This morning we were awakened early by hearing shots, and when we looked out saw that the duck hunters were out in full force. After breakfast the game warden, Mr. Poteet, called on us, bringing with him some dressed rabbits, ducks, and some roasting ears. Later he stopped again to leave the Sunday paper for us. We had other callers. Spent a nice Sunday.

September twenty-ninth. Before we started this morning Mr. Poteet passed in his automobile. We started at nine o'clock, but before we got to Florence we met Mr. Poteet returning with Mr. Smith, the Editor of the Florence Daily Citizen. Had quite a chat with Mr. Smith. Morris, Gus and Ruth went through Florence without stopping, but Irene and I stopped for some time. Mr. and Mrs. Rush were in town. Irene and I heard of a burro which was for sale, and we bought it, although we knew we would have to take it to Canon City, nine miles, without any assistance from the boys, and at this time we have learned a good deal about burros. Our new burro bears the name of Jack, and at three o'clock we left Florence, leading Jack with a cord around his neck. We had two or three packages, and tied them together with a string, then threw them across Jack's back. A man who passed

us called, "Your pack is slipping." Among other things in the packages were some doughnuts, and while I stopped to get a drink of water Jack ate the doughnuts. Jack is young and strong, and very frisky. He decided he wanted to run a little, and did so, me behind him hanging to the cord, with Jack kicking at me as hard and fast as he can kick. We had three offers for him before getting to Canon City, and we were sorely tempted to take one of them. We could have trebled our money. An Italian who wanted to buy him said he was a "damned fine burro." The land around Canon City is splendid fruit land, and is, in fact, a large park of ten and twenty-acre fruit farms. We thought we were in Canon City some three or four miles before we were inside the city limits. It was dark when we reached town, and we could not find our camp. Jack made the air ring with his music, and we tried choking him with the small cord. Morris finally found us and took us to camp, which they had pitched on the bank of the Arkansas River. The excitement was too much for me, I presume, for I had to go to bed immediately, as I had a very bad headache. The boys were much surprised to see Jack, but agreed that he was a good burro. We walked thirteen miles today.

September thirtieth. We had to lay over here today, as I was too weak to travel, and Morris very sleepy. He had to stay up all night acting as nurse, as my headache lasted all night. There is a small stream of water just in front of our tent, and when attempting to leave the tent I fell into the water. In the evening we went to the Princess Theatre.

CHAPTER IV

OCTOBER FIRST. We did not leave Canon City until noon, as our packs had to be divided into thirds, and this took some planning and experimenting. We left over the Skyline Drive, and just before commencing the climb we saw something like forty automobiles descending the Drive, so we stopped to wait until they had passed us. We learned they were a party of Montrose people on a boosting trip for the Rainbow Route, over which we will

travel. The Skyline Drive is a narrow ledge of road built on what is known as a hogback mountain, and is very steep. On one side is Canon City and the beautiful orchard land, which from the top of the Drive looks like a vast expanse of park. On the other side is another valley, beyond which are the mountains on all sides. After we reached the top of the Skyline Drive the descent was very rapid, and we were but three miles from Canon City when we reached the Royal Gorge road. We took the Gorge road, as we are going up to see the Royal Gorge while we are so near it. We walked three miles up the Gorge road, climbing all the time, one stretch of the road rivaling the ascent on Pike's Peak, when we found a spring of good water and pitched our camp. Our camp is ideal; on every side are immense mountains, and it is very still and quiet. We built a great camp fire of pinon wood branches. For supper tonight we ate sixty hot biscuits, a large pan heaped with fried potatoes, four immense slices of ham, and a quart of syrup. Each one seems to be afraid the other will get ahead in eating. Tonight there was one biscuit left on the plate; Ruth said, "Please pass the biscuit," and repeated it twice before we heard her, when she said, "Give me that biscuit before it is gone." We were weighed in Canon City and found that Morris has gained seven pounds, Ruth gained six, Irene four, I have gained eight and a half pounds and Gus has lost forty-seven pounds. I must mention that Gus weighed two hundred and thirty pounds when we left Kansas City, so he is still of fairly good size. After we went to bed Prince barked so much we knew something was outside, but it proved to be nothing more dangerous than a cow.

October second. This morning we walked over the beautiful Royal Gorge Road to the top of the Gorge, where we ate lunch. From where we sat we looked down two thousand six hundred and fifty feet to the bottom and watched a train go through the Gorge. The train seemed nothing more than a toy, and the Arkansas River but a silvery thread in the mammoth crevice. After spending two hours in contemplation of this magnificent spectacle we retraced our steps over the Royal Gorge Road for two miles, where we found an unused trail leading to the Rainbow Route which cut off several miles. We followed the trail and reached the ranch of A. W. Powers at Parkdale. We camped

near their house, and after supper Mr. and Mrs. Powers and children spent the evening with us in our tent. We walked twelve miles today.

October third. Mr. Powers is quite a hunter, and has many trophies of his hunting trips. He has a beautiful mountain lion skin, and after we saw it we all wanted to meet a mountain lion at once. We might change our minds if we should meet one. We spent the morning with Mrs. Powers, and left at twelve o'clock, although Mrs. Powers urged us to spend another day with them. About one mile from the Powers ranch we met an automobile, and were much surprised to see Mrs. Kuhn getting out of it. She had been hunting us for some time, having been to Pueblo, Canon City, Salida, and back by automobile until she found us. The automobile she came in went on to Canon City, Mrs. Kuhn walking with us. She had a suit case and a large bed comfort, both of which Gus carried. Before we had walked a mile it began to rain, and although we disliked to have Mrs. Kuhn get wet there was no help for it, as no houses were in sight. We had to find water before we could camp, so walked on. We could not travel very rapidly as Mrs. Kuhn could not walk fast, this being her first experience. The high altitude made it more difficult for her to walk. We walked seven miles before we found a spring of water. We made camp as quickly as possible, spreading a quilt on the ground for Mrs. Kuhn to lie on while we did so, as she was exhausted. Irene and I picked pine boughs until our hands were sore in order that Mrs. Kuhn might have a good bed to sleep on, and after it was made she said she would never have believed they made such comfortable beds if she had not tried one. We walked nine miles today.

October fourth. We started at ten o'clock this morning, intending to stop the first automobile passing and ask for a ride for Mrs. Kuhn, as experience yesterday proved that she cannot walk; and we must go on, as we did not have sufficient food supply to stop over. Her feet are sore and she is stiff from walking yesterday, although she does not feel as badly as she expected to feel. We walked through nine miles of canyon last evening and this morning. It is called Copper Gulch, so named from copper mines which were located in the Gulch some time ago. It is a beautiful walk, and although Mrs. Kuhn found the walk-

ing so difficult, she said walking through it was well worth the trip to Colorado. At the end of the Gulch we had a good view of the highest mountains of the Continental Divide, including Monarch Pass, which we intend to cross. We had walked eight miles before an automobile overtook us, and I think they must have seemed fifty miles to Mrs. Kuhn. She rode in the automobile to Texas Creek and waited for us there. When we arrived she had gotten two spring chickens, some splendid honey, and we soon had supper. Mrs. Kuhn said she was going to get into the first automobile that passed in the morning going any direction that would take her to a train going to Atchison. She had walked enough. We walked thirteen miles today.

October fifth. This morning Mrs. Kuhn went to Texas Creek Station to take the train for home. We started at ten thirty, getting to Cotopaxi, a small town, at three o'clock. We stopped just long enough to buy provisions, then walked up the canyon of the Arkansas River. Each day we think scenery could not be more beautiful, and the next day surpasses the day before. The Arkansas River canyon is very beautiful, and the road which has been built by convict labor is excellent. We met many automobiles today. We are getting on splendidly now with our burros. Morris has taught Cheyenne to travel without being led, and she leads the party. As a gentleman said to us, we have learned to speak burro. At five o'clock we camped at the ranch of Mr. W. H. Smith, having walked fourteen miles today, uphill all the way. After supper we were visited by Mr. Smith and a friend and spent a pleasant evening. Mr. Smith is an interesting man, and is proud of the fact that he has earned his many acres of land, immense herd of cattle and comfortable home.

October sixth. Today we walked seventeen miles. Walked through a number of small villages; stopped for a little while at Wellsville, a hot spring summer resort. We made a splendid pine bough bed tonight. Irene and Morris have reached such a stage of perfection in arranging pine boughs that Gus and I are thinking of getting them positions with a florist when we reach San Francisco. After we retired Prince raised such a racket outside we decided to investigate, but when we got outside the bear, mountain lion, wildcat or coyote had disappeared.

October seventh. It was so cold this morning that we

did not get sufficient courage to take the tent down until eleven o'clock. We walked five miles to Salida and camped in a small park right in the town. We spent the afternoon in shopping. A great many people asked us if Mrs. Kuhn found us, as she had made many inquiries in Salida about us. In the evening we went to the theatre, and the owner, Mr. Matthews, and wife are fine people. We met a great many people in Salida whom we will always remember kindly.

October eighth. We did not leave Salida until two o'clock. In the morning we attended to shipping our trunks to Montrose, and have decided to store them there. We have no need for them. We met a gentleman this morning who asked us if we knew any one in Oak Grove, Mo. My parents and sister live there, and the gentleman (Mr. Felton) said that Mrs. Felton had a sister in Oak Grove who had written she lives next door to my sister in Oak Grove. Mr. Felton said Mrs. Felton had sent us an invitation to visit them for a few days, but we could not, as we are anxious to cross Monarch Pass within two more days, before a heavy snow falls. We walked nine miles and camped at five thirty.

October ninth. I did not feel well when we got up this morning, so decided to go back to Salida to see a physician. I started back, intending to catch a ride if possible, but walked almost to Salida before getting an opportunity to ride. Rode the short distance remaining to Salida, and after consulting a physician, Mr. Howell, of the Howell Drug Co., took me back to camp. It had been agreed by our party that they must start on, as we must make Monarch Pass before the approaching storm. I intended getting a ride to catch up with them under the existing circumstances, but when I reached the camping place and found them gone I decided I could not give up and ride, so decided to catch them by rapid walking, although Mr. Howell was kind enough to offer to overtake them. Just as I left the automobile it began to snow lightly, but ahead on Monarch I could see it snowing pretty hard. The grade was pretty steep and made walking a hard task. The road up to Monarch Pass follows a mountain stream, and as far as Garfield it follows the narrow gauge railroad. I learned by inquiries that the folks were not more than a mile in advance of me, but I could not

catch them. It stopped snowing where I was, but it seemed only a few feet above me I could see the snow all the time. When I reached Garfield, a small mining town, I was exhausted. The folks were just getting unpacked, so I almost caught them. It started snowing hard and before we could get the tent up there was about an inch of snow on the ground. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, whom we met when we got to Garfield, invited Ruth to spend the night with them, which she did. They have a little daughter of Ruth's age. Mr. Wilson told us to put our burros in his barn, as the storm got worse every minute, and up on Monarch Pass it is raging. We are camped at an elevation of 9,500 feet, and the cold is intense. Mr. Wilson told us we might as well abandon hope of crossing the pass tomorrow, and as we are "tenderfeet" we shall take his advice. As long as it continues to storm as it is doing tonight we will be perfectly satisfied to stay in a nice warm tent. There was a good deal of excitement today when Irene saw some mountain trout in the stream. They were the first ones we have seen, and they killed a couple with a stick. We cooked them for supper and they were delicious. I walked sixteen miles today, but the rest of the folks walked only eight miles.

October tenth. The storm was as bad, if not worse, than last night. The boys fished a few minutes, but the lines froze as fast as they threw them in the water. We spent the afternoon and evening at Mr. Wilson's home. When we went to our tent at ten o'clock the weather was clear, although very cold. The moon was shining, and we could see Monarch Pass, still and cold and beautiful.

October eleventh. It was terribly cold this morning, but clear and bright. We left an army blanket each on the outside of our packs in case of extreme cold on the Pass, and started at eleven o'clock to break the trail. One and a half miles from Garfield is the little camp of Monarch, and a lady opened her door and called out that she admired our courage, but we would certainly freeze to death. The snow was so deep that we wrapped Ruth in a blanket and sat her on Jack. She was so bundled up that when Jack gave a little jump she fell off backwards and was hurt pretty bad. The higher we climbed the warmer it was until finally we had to unbutton our coats and were perspiring freely. The road over Monarch Pass

winds around and around the side of the mountain to lessen the grade, but it was so steep we had to stop every few moments to get breath and a fresh start. Our feet were wet and then got cold and while we were so warm our feet were almost unbearably cold. Finally I could stand it no longer and took my boots off to warm my feet in my hands. When we were within a quarter of a mile of the top, although we did not know it, we could stand the cold on our feet no longer, so built a campfire and warmed them; we dried our shoes and stockings by the fire, also. We ate lunch while the shoes were drying. We made a pile of logs to sit on in order to keep out of the snow. When we started on after fifteen minutes hard climbing we were agreeably surprised to find that we had reached the top. We took some pictures and spent half an hour admiring the magnificent view. On all sides were mountains, miles and miles each way. We had had an idea that we would see the end of the mountains when we reached the top of the Continental Divide, but Gus said it looked to him as though we were just getting well into them. The elevation on top of Monarch Pass is 11,864 feet, and it is, we understand, the highest pass in Colorado. It was quite warm today, I think about freezing point, but I imagine at night it gets pretty "crimpy." The only game we saw today was two grouse, although we saw tracks of deer, coyotes, and a great many tracks we did not recognize. The descent is not so steep as on the east side of the mountain, although the road winds around in the same manner, and it is plenty steep enough. When we reached the Cameron ranch at seven o'clock we were tired out, as we had walked sixteen miles, and in doing so had climbed from 9500 feet to 11,864, and then back to 9000 feet. We asked Mr. and Mrs. Cameron to let us spend the night with them, which they very kindly did. So we did not put up our tent. It has not snowed at all on this side of the mountains.

October twelfth. This morning Mr. Cameron told us the best way to go from his ranch was by way of Wauneta Hot Springs, which would not take us near the railroad or town of Sargents. As we were expecting mail at Sargents we borrowed a team and buggy from Mr. Cameron and Irene, Ruth and I drove to Sargents after the mail. We enjoyed the drive of sixteen miles, and got back to the Cameron ranch at twelve o'clock. In going

to Wauneta Hot Springs we crossed a fair sized mountain and had some good climbing. Irene, Ruth and I saw a bob cat, but it did not bother us, and as we had no gun we did not bother it. We stopped for an hour at Wauneta Hot Springs. The water is boiling hot, and I burned my tongue when I took a drink of it. I had no idea it was so hot. There is quite a large sanitarium here, baths, etc. We camped just a mile from the Springs on Hot Springs Creek; we were too tired to walk further. Seven and a half miles of climbing today.

October thirteenth. Irene is ill today, so we stopped over for the day. I spent a large part of the day hunting, and killed a squirrel and a porcupine. The boys hunted and got some rabbits, so we had rabbit and squirrel for supper. I enjoyed roaming over the mountains today; it is clear and warm, and the tall pine trees make me wish that I might never have to leave them.

October fourteenth. Irene is feeling fine today, so we hiked onward. We called on Mr. Schaff before we started, and took a picture of a 1400 pound beef he had just killed. We walked to Doyleville, and spent an hour there. I killed a rabbit today, and we will have it for breakfast. We have beef steak for supper, a great luxury for us. We cannot get fresh meat much of the time. We walked twelve miles today, camping at four o'clock.

October fifteenth. We walked quite near the Tomich Creek today, and Gus shot four wild ducks. We are rapidly leaving the Tomich Dome behind us. We have walked half around it since day before yesterday. Then it was straight ahead of us, a perfectly round mountain, and it looks just the same from this side as from both the other sides we saw. We stopped at Parlin for an hour, where we met some fine people, among them Mrs. Roy Lobbell, one of the sweetest little women I have ever met. We camped early in the evening, having walked only ten miles today, but we wanted to cook ducks for supper. It took some time to get the ducks ready to cook, but finally we got them on the fire and the siege of waiting began. Gus went to sleep, but Irene, Ruth, Morris and I sat there and suffered. I never smelled such an appetizing odor as those ducks made. Ruth sewed on doll clothes trying to keep awake, but she gave up finally and went to sleep. Our usual bed time is eight o'clock, but it was ten o'clock before the ducks were pronounced cooked. We waked

Gus and Ruth and had a splendid duck supper, and in ten minutes after we finished eating we were all sound asleep.

October sixteenth. This morning while we ate breakfast a lot of cattle stampeded in front of our tent and we thought the end of the world had come. I never before saw so many cattle at once. The ranchmen are having the fall roundup. They finally urged the cattle past our tent without us being trampled to death. We followed the cattle for several miles before we reached Gunnison. We stopped in Gunnison for three hours and met numbers of fine people. We met an old colored man who told us he was bodyguard to Abraham Lincoln. He showed us a badge given to him by Mr. Lincoln. He is a proud old man. We walked one mile from Gunnison and camped on the Gunnison River. Today we walked ten miles.

October seventeenth. This morning we walked to the bank of the Gunnison and saw hundreds of trout. The Gunnison River is famed for trout fishing, and the boys wanted to fish this morning, but as we follow the Gunnison for some time we decided we had better wait. Our camping place is unpleasant. It is very damp and cold, and last night we could not sleep on account of the cold. After we had walked twelve miles we saw Iola across the river, and as we were expecting mail there Irene and I went over after it. Gus, Morris and Ruth took the burros on. Before we caught them they had walked four and a half miles and were preparing to camp on a high hill. We had to carry water from the Gunnison River. The canyon was so steep that it was quite a task. There are no pine boughs here to make a bed, and no ranch near to get hay, so we had to lie on the ground. It was very cold, so we took turns sitting up to keep a fire burning. We found an old cedar log to burn. It really seems a shame to burn the beautiful red cedar, but it makes a beautiful fire. We walked sixteen miles today.

October eighteenth. Today we only walked three and a half miles. We did not start until one o'clock, as we were very late getting up, our burros had strayed away and we had to hunt them. At two o'clock we reached the Sportsmans Home, owned by J. J. Carpenter, to whom we had an introduction from Mr. Howell of Salida. Mr. Carpenter was away, but Mrs. Carpenter invited us to spend Sunday here, and we are very glad

at Cerro Summit, commonly called Squaw Hill, which is the top of the pass which divides the Cimarron and Uncompaghe valleys. On this hill is the reservoir which supplies the city of Montrose with water, the water being piped sixteen miles from the reservoir to Montrose.

October twenty-fourth. This morning instead of following the road we climbed down the side of the mountain, and dropped 3000 feet in less than a quarter of a mile. We stopped at Cedar Creek for half an hour, then took the road leading to the Gunnison Tunnel project. This is a Government irrigation project, and we found it very interesting. The Gunnison River is carried through a tunnel through six miles of mountain and then out into the Montrose Valley. We took pictures of the West Portal of the tunnel. We walked into Montrose at six o'clock, sixteen miles today. We first pitched camp in a yard, but later saw an apple orchard with a beautiful green grass carpet, so we moved into the orchard. We had visitors this evening, Miss Susie Frazee, a friend of many years standing, and Mrs. McLain.

October twenty-fifth. We spent the day in shopping and visiting. Mr. Adams, the editor of the Montrose Press, called on us at Miss Frazee's, and we had quite a chat with him. He was in the party of Montrose Boosters who passed us on the Skyline Drive. We met many others who were in the same party. The Montrose people we have met have been very courteous to us, and I think Montrose would be a delightful little city in which to live.

October twenty-sixth. We were the guests of Miss Frazee at dinner today. She had other guests to meet us, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Baker and their little son, Carl. At four o'clock Ruth served a birthday luncheon at our tent, in celebration of her sixth birthday. Her guests were the little Misses Foster, Carl Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Baker and Miss Frazee. Mr. Winn, a photographer, appeared upon the scene to take photos. Miss McGuire, Mr. Dawson and Mrs. Bratton called for a few moments. In the evening we called at Mr. Baker's residence.

October twenty-seventh. Spent the day in Montrose. Nothing of importance occurred. Mr. and Mrs. Foster spent the evening at our tent.

October twenty-eighth. We left Montrose at one o'clock and walked seven and one-half miles, camping at

the ranch of Mr. Ross. The Montrose Valley is thickly settled, and seems to be a very prosperous community. They have wonderful honey, and we eat a pound of it each meal. This is a splendid fruit country, and sugar beets are raised in large quantities.

October twenty-ninth. Today we walked through eight miles of ankle-deep white dust. Everyone is hauling the sugar beet crop to the railroad stations, and the road is cut into a fine white powder. Almost everyone raises sugar beets in this locality, and we see whole families, father, mother and children, working in the sugar beet fields. We camped this evening at the home of Mr. Waugh. We had lunch today at the splendid little town of Olathe.

October thirtieth. Today we walked through twelve miles of the same kind of dust. When we reached Delta we were white with dust. Delta is a very nice town. We ate lunch there. We camped at the home of L. A. Park.

October thirty-first. Mr. Park has the last water that is fit to drink before crossing the stretch of desert country between Delta and Grand Junction. We took lunch with us, as there are no inhabitants at all on our way. About a mile from the Park home we entered the desert as we rounded a large adobe hill. We walked steadily from nine to twelve o'clock and stopped to eat lunch. We saw a great many rabbits, so there must be water somewhere near. But we did not see it. There is very little vegetation in this desert, many places being perfectly smooth white dirt. We were unfortunate enough to leave the camera lying on the ground when we stopped for a rest, and had walked several miles before missing it. Gus walked back for it and found it. Another time he dropped his revolver from his pocket and had to go back for that. This delayed us, and it was six o'clock before we reached the first settlement, and then could get no water except stagnant pond water which was very bad. But we were too tired to go further, and had a little good water left in our canteens, so we camped. We walked twenty miles forward, and I do not know how far Gus walked in addition to this when he was looking for the camera and revolver.

A few days ago we saw a wild bear which had been captured, and I climbed into its cage to take a picture of it. It was in anything but a good humor and I am afraid

I may not have a success of my picture. The lady who has the bear said we could have the skin at a very reasonable price if we would sell the bear meat in Grand Junction; in Grand Junction we will have bear meat for sale.

CHAPTER V

NOVEMBER FIRST. We all felt that water was the main thing in life this morning, and hurried to the first well, three miles from our camp. Stopped there for some time, as we intend going only as far as Whitewater today, there being no water between Whitewater and Grand Junction. At least, that is the way we have been informed. We walked ten miles, getting to Whitewater at four o'clock, where we camped.

November second. This morning we sold our tent, a lot of camp equipment, and two of our burros, keeping Cheyenne to carry a few things we think necessary in crossing the great stretch of desert country ahead of us, but we intend to stop at hotels and houses each night. It is necessary for us to reach water every night, and we cannot travel fast enough to do so with all the burros. Cheyenne is a rapid walker and can go as far as we can each day. We will soon get into weather that will make it impossible for us to camp out of doors, and while we dislike very much to give it up we feel that it is best. So we offered our outfit for sale and it was bought by Mr. W. S. LaFair. It was necessary for us to spend today in Whitewater to ship some things home, separate our personal effects, etc. Mr. LaFair gave us the use of a furnished house across the street from his home, and we moved into it. He made us very comfortable, and we feel as though we were at home again.

November third. We felt that we were a very small party indeed when we left Whitewater this morning with only Cheyenne and Prince as live stock. We started walking at ten o'clock, and at two o'clock we arrived in Grand Junction, thirteen miles. We climbed a steep mountain, and when we reached the top saw the Grand River Valley of apple fame lying before us. It seemed only a short distance to Grand Junction, but in reality

it is six miles. We were into the small fruit farm section at least four miles before getting into the city limits, and it appears to be all city. When we reached Grand Junction we went to the Lamont Hotel after putting Cheyenne and Prince in the livery stable. Prince did not like being left, but he must become accustomed to that. In the evening we went to the Majestic Theatre.

November fourth. We were delayed in leaving Grand Junction, as the camera needed repairs and we called on a photographer. The photographer we selected by chance was a gentleman whom we knew in Kansas City, which was formerly his home; his name is W. L. Hooper. At twelve o'clock we started to Fruita, arriving there at three o'clock, a distance of eleven miles. We secured rooms at the home of Mr. Stephen Nichols and took our meals at the Park Hotel. Fruita is in the center of the apple district, and is the home of Miss Mabel Wilson, who was crowned apple queen by Governor Shaforth of Colorado. In the evening we visited the picture show.

November fifth. We left Fruita at nine thirty, going through Loma. Just outside of Loma is where the real Utah desert begins, Mack being the first desert town. We stopped for an hour at Mack and bought some necessary edibles in order that we might have something to eat should we not be able to find a place to spend the night. At Mack we started traveling on the railroad track as we cannot risk the desert road for fear we should not find water. On the railroad there is water at each station. About two miles from Mack we walked through the first tunnel we have seen. It is not very long, but we hurried through as rapidly as possible, although we were informed in Mack that no trains were due for some time. At Ruby, the first station, we could get neither rooms nor meals, and were at a loss just what to do when the Italian section men invited us to spend the night in one of the railroad "shacks" which was not in use. It had a stove in it, and we were able to cook supper and breakfast. We put our blankets on the floor and were very comfortable. We walked fifteen miles today.

November sixth. The Italians were very kind to us. There is one Italian woman, who has a little tiny girl. The woman cannot speak English, but she smiles all the time. This morning she wanted to give us some Italian bread and cheese, but we did not understand what she meant.

She took Ruth to her house and gave her a small piece of bread and cheese then sent her back to us. Soon she came down and when she saw Ruth eating the bread she sent down almost a loaf of the bread and a great piece of cheese. She was so provoked because she could not talk to us. At ten o'clock we left Ruby and walked down the Ruby Canyon, following the railroad and the Grand River. The cliffs on each side are immense and it is hard to believe we are in a desert. We took a great many photographs today, as we saw a great deal of splendid scenery. At three o'clock we crossed the Colorado-Utah line and stopped to take a picture. We got to Westwater, Utah, at five o'clock and spent the night at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bowdle. We walked sixteen miles today.

November seventh. We started walking at nine o'clock, and had a very warm day. The weather is very warm, so warm that Ruth will wear neither coat nor cap, and the rest of us do not want to wear them very badly. We are out of the canyon, although the adobe mountains are all around us. The country looks very much the same in every direction. But we left the Grand River at Westwater, as it flows on down the canyon. We attempted to take Cheyenne through a cattle guard today by letting her walk across on a board, but the board broke and she fell through, her legs doubled under her, and we thought every moment she would jump and break her legs. There was nothing to do but to unpack her, which we did, then between four of us we managed to get her out of the cattle guard with only a few skin scratches. About three minutes after she was out of the cattle guard a train rushed by. We saw not less than two hundred men working on the railroad today, all Greeks, Italians and Mexicans. We got to Cisco at six o'clock, seventeen miles today, and spent the night at the Hotel Cisco. Almost all the buildings in Cisco are made of logs, including the hotel.

November eighth. We left Cisco at ten o'clock and walked sixteen miles to Sagers. The country today was so desolate looking that we welcomed each train that passed us. The passengers and trainmen wave at us. It is an unusual thing to see a party of pedestrians on the Utah desert. Just before getting to Sagers, which place we reached at three o'clock, we came upon a section crew, all Americans. Irene and I were slightly in advance of

the rest, and as we passed the section men their astonished looks were laughable to behold. One of them asked us where we came from and how we got here. When we told them they invited us to spend the night at the section house, and said there would be a fatted calf, the train having killed one this morning. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Banta live at the section house and the foreman, Mr. Alex Hewson, lives with them. The rest of the section men live in a box car. This completes the population of Sagers. Mrs. Banta was so pleased to have women guests.

November ninth. As Gus is having a birthday today Mr. Hewson insisted that we spend Sunday here and celebrate it with a feast, and we certainly had the feast. All are in love with Ruth and Prince. Prince has feasted on veal until he refuses to eat any more. In the afternoon we walked out in the desert to see the grave of a Japanese who was killed at Sagers.

November tenth. This morning we really disliked to leave Sagers, as we have enjoyed every minute of our stay here. Mrs. Banta is a sweet little woman, and the men are all big-hearted jolly fellows. But at ten o'clock we hiked out along the railroad track. We got into Thompson at twelve thirty, and had lunch at the hotel. Thompson is a trading post for the Indians of the Navajo and Ute tribes, and we spent a good deal of time examining Indian goods at the Starmont store. Then we walked only two miles out and stopped for the night, as we are going to try sleeping outside on the desert. We built a campfire by the railroad track and baked potatoes in it; made campfire coffee, and it seemed like old times to us. We walked ten miles today.

November eleventh. Last night when one of the trains passed the fireman threw out a great shovel full of coal. We kept our camp fire up all night and slept warm by its side. The first watering station is thirteen miles from where we camped, and Green River, fourteen miles beyond, is the second. We intended going only as far as the first stop, so traveled slowly and reached Floy, the first section house at three o'clock. They would not let us stay all night or sell us anything to eat. To make matters worse it began to rain. There was nothing for us to do except walk to Green River, which we did. We sat down to rest at six o'clock; while we were sitting there a freight train stopped in front of us and the conductor gave

one o'clock, then walked to Helper, seven and one-half miles. There were no rooms to be had, as the town is crowded with strangers. A great deal of work is being done here and the town is booming. We met a young man, Mr. R. A. Montgomery, who secured a room for us at the Railroad Hotel. Mr. Montgomery is a railroad man. At the livery stables there was no room for Cheyenne, and Mr. Montgomery got permission to put her in the jail yard. Although the town is so crowded the jail is empty, at least, it was empty at four o'clock. We met a lot of railroad men in Helper who have seen us day after day, and one of them said he knew just about where to begin watching for us each day. We had supper at the Tokyo restaurant, then went to the picture theatre.

November nineteenth. We met a lot of railroad men this morning who had seen us from the trains. Several of them told us that Irene and I are the first ladies who ever walked across this desert, although they had seen some start to walk, but they always rode. One conductor told us of two girls who rode on the freight train with him. We left Helper at ten o'clock and walked four miles to Castle Gate. This is a queer looking town. I could see no streets, all the houses looking as though they had been built in the spot the owner liked best. There is a large coal mine here. The mountain scenery around this locality is grand. Just outside of the town is a great ledge of rock rising to a point about two thousand feet high. This, I think, is what is called Castle Gate. We were told a story about this high point to the effect that a Greek climbed to the top and set the Greek flag there. I did not see the Greek flag, although it may be there. There are so many uncovered bridges and the water is so high in the creek that the boys had to take Cheyenne over the wagon road, but we walked on the track whenever possible, as the road is so muddy it is almost impossible to walk. It began to rain soon after we left Castle Gate. We overtook the section men, Italians, and they were pushing a pushcart. They sat Ruth on it and she rode to the section house at Nolan. When we got to Nolan we were wet to the skin. The Italians invited us to spend the night there, and we were very glad to accept. They cooked supper for us, then gave us their beds, they sleeping on the floor. I have spent a good many evenings listening to entertainers who were

not half so entertaining as one young Italian here. He is a good mimic, and is very clever. All the Italians were very fond of Ruth. They call her the "little bebe." Morris and Gus spoke about liking Italian cooked spaghetti, and the entertaining young fellow said he would cook it for them in the morning.

November twentieth. When we got up this morning the Italians had our breakfast ready for us. The young fellow who volunteered to cook the spaghetti came in from the boxcar and said it would soon be ready. He had been up cooking it since three o'clock. He called us soon, and in addition to a large dish of splendidly cooked spaghetti he served a good breakfast. In order to appear properly grateful we had to eat a second breakfast. We left them at ten o'clock. We are in the Watsatch range of mountains now. The weather is gloomy and up in the tops of the mountains it is snowing. It is good to smell the pines again, and in these mountains we can almost imagine ourselves back in Colorado. Just before we got into Colton it started snowing hard, so we spent the night at the Thomas Hotel. We had a terrible time getting Cheyenne as far as Colton today. The bridge at one place is not covered and the water is so high we could not persuade Cheyenne to ford it. When she did finally do it the water almost swept her downstream, and it took all the strength of Gus and Morris combined to pull her out. Both of them were wet to the waist. We walked nine miles today, getting to Colton at two o'clock.

November twenty-first. It was snowing when we got up this morning, but we decided to travel anyway, as we did not want to run the risk of getting snowed in at Colton. The snow is too deep for Ruth to walk, so Gus carried her for three miles. Then a man with two teams and wagons caught us and we asked him if Ruth could ride with him. He was driving one team and his little daughter the other. We wrapped Ruth in some blankets and laid her in the bottom of the wagon. The grade to the top of Soldiers Summit is very steep, and we had seven miles of hard work, as the storm steadily became worse; the wind was against us and the cold intense. Of course, walking kept us from danger of freezing, but it took pure grit to make it. It is the first day of the trip that we have really suffered on account of weather conditions, and when we reached Soldiers Summit we were

staggering blindly around in the snow. The elevation is only 7,680 feet, but that is high enough to walk through a blizzard. We stopped at the section house, and the foreman, a Japanese, built a roaring fire and left us to thaw out. He had to fight snow continually. Ruth ate dinner with Mr. Cleary and his daughter, and they invited us to dinner, but it was some time before we walked over to get a cup of hot coffee. We had no desire to stop on Soldiers Summit in a blizzard, and then we want to let Ruth ride down out of the deep snow. Mr. Wing, the man with the wagons, asked Gus to drive one team down to Tucker, in order that he might wrap the little girl in blankets, as she was almost frozen when we stopped on the Summit. Gus walked by the side of the wagon and drove the horses. We started to Tucker at three thirty, and when we had walked two miles we could feel a great difference in temperature. The further down we dropped the warmer it grew. Morris never cared very much for cold weather, and today I had to encourage him a good deal by reminding him of the Smoke Ballew stories written by Jack London that he used to enjoy so much when sitting by a nice warm fire. The Denver & Rio Grande Railroad Company have built a new road to lessen the grade from Tucker to Soldiers Summit, but it is four miles longer than the old one. The old road follows the bottom of the canyon, and we watched the trains creeping along above us all afternoon. At six thirty we arrived at Tucker, having walked fifteen miles today, and we were really exhausted. After eating a hot supper we went to bed.

November twenty-second. The day was beautiful today. The storm is over, although it is still cold. Tucker has been left out by the new railroad, and almost everyone is moving to Thistle or some other place. We started to Thistle at twelve o'clock, down grade all the way, and arrived there at six o'clock, eighteen miles. Irene and I got there earlier than this, as we walked ahead in order to be sure of getting rooms. Thistle is a railroad division point, and we were told that we might not find a place to stay all night. We found rooms with Mrs. Gordon, and ate our meals at the Junction Hotel.

November twenty-third. Today it was a good deal colder than yesterday, in fact, far too cold for comfort. We started from Thistle at eleven o'clock and made a

number of stops to warm our feet. There are a number of construction gangs working on the new railroad that is going in through here, and we passed five large camps and hundreds of men at work. At one camp we were invited to have dinner and enjoyed it very much. They have excellent cooks. At another camp we were served with hot coffee and cake. We were shown every courtesy by the men employed at the camps. One young man, Mr. Mulvey of Salt Lake City, who is in charge of some departments, walked with us for several miles, showing us through the different camps. In walking through the Spanish Fork canyon we got very cold, but soon as we came out of the canyon where the sun could shine on us we were warmed up. I do not think the sun ever shines in this canyon; at least, it did not this afternoon and I do not see how it could except for a few minutes in the middle of the day, as the mountains are so steep on each side. Soon as the sun disappeared in the evening we felt the cold again and before we got to Springville we had to stop and build a fire to warm Ruth's feet. We arrived in Springville at six thirty and went to the Kearns Hotel. We walked sixteen miles today.

November twenty-fourth. This morning we decided we cannot go further north than this, as we are afraid the storms would block our progress, and while we might get through we do not care to subject Ruth to so much cold weather. We decided to follow the Los Angeles, Salt Lake & San Pedro Railroad and leave the snows behind us. But Morris, Irene and I wanted to go to Provo, only six miles from Springville, as we expected a great deal of mail there, so in the afternoon we walked to Provo and spent the night there. Gus and Ruth spent the night in Springville.

November twenty-fifth. Irene, Morris and I staid in Provo until two o'clock, as we had a number of things to attend to in Provo. This town is the best we have seen for some time, and we met a number of fine people. We staid at the Lamar Hotel, but ate our meals at the Spencer Cafe. Provo is very much excited over a Mexican outlaw who shot and killed three men quite near here. It occurred just a couple of days ago, and officers are scouring the country to catch the Mexican, but so far have not succeeded. The Mexican is Raphael Lopez; he was formerly one of the crack shots with the Wild West

Show of Buffalo Bill, but has been working in the mines at Bingham.

This morning a lady and gentleman sat near us at breakfast and I could not help noticing the small breakfast they ate, because they ate just about such a breakfast as Morris and I would have eaten before we started on the hike. The lady ate half a slice of buttered toast, half an egg, an apple and part of a cup of coffee. My breakfast consisted of a bowl of cereal and cream, three apples, two pork chops, two eggs, a dish of French fried potatoes and nine slices of buttered toast. As this is about what I generally consume it is not surprising that I have gained fifteen pounds in weight.

A gentleman in Provo wanted to purchase a souvenir post card from Irene, and as he had grease on his hands he asked Irene very unconcernedly if she would object to getting the money out of his pocket. She was very much embarrassed, but did her best not to appear so. It looked so funny I could not help laughing, and I asked him if he thought there was danger of our being arrested. While Irene was trying to get the money a gentleman came down the street and called out, "Here, there, cut that out." Irene stopped, more embarrassed than ever. The last gentleman was the proprietor of one of the hotels in Provo, and he was very sorry we had not stopped with them. He was greatly interested in our trip.

One of the most accommodating people we have met on our trip is Mr. J. R. Hodson, who belongs to the postoffice staff. He made us feel that the many little courtesies shown to us gave him pleasure; we appreciated his kindness very much indeed.

We walked past Springville on our way to Spanish Fork, where we met Gus and Ruth, they having beaten us to Spanish Fork. The mud is horrible today, and the mile from the station at Spanish Fork up into town is like a bad dream. It has turned very warm and the snow has melted. The mud in many places is almost boot top deep and about the consistency of molasses. We staid at the Hotel LaFree in Springville. After supper we met Mr. Allen Ostler, the liveryman at Springville, and he invited us to go with him to the theatre. We did so and enjoyed it very much. Mr. Ostler was very kind to us in Springville. We walked ten miles today.

November twenty-sixth. We waded through seven miles

of mud today from Spanish Fork to Payson. We wore our rubber boots. At Payson we stopped at the Cravens Hotel, and have decided to spend Thanksgiving here tomorrow. We were delighted to find a splendid fruit cake here which had been sent to us by my mother; such a fruit cake as cannot be bought. In the evening we went to the theatre.

November twenty-seventh. Thanksgiving Day. We spent the day writing and reading. We had an elegant dinner at five thirty, but our fruit cake was the best thing of all. A gentleman from Los Angeles, Mr. H. C. Brown, ate dinner with us. After dinner we had music and spent a pleasant evening. Mr. Replogle came from Salt Lake City. He sings beautifully. Before we retired we ate the rest of the fruit cake.

November twenty-eighth. We left Payson at eleven o'clock, feeling that we were leaving a good many friends behind us. The weather is still warm, and the mud still deep. The mountains are covered with snow and look very beautiful. We stopped half an hour at Santequin, a quaint little town. We walked to Mona, eighteen miles from Payson, getting there at six o'clock. We spent the night with Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Roberts.

November twenty-ninth. We enjoyed our short visit with the Roberts family very much. We left them at nine o'clock. We met a gentleman this morning who took off his hat when he met us, and said: "Allow me to take my hat off to ladies who are not afraid." He thought our long walk perfectly wonderful. A gentleman who passed us in an automobile stopped and asked us to ride, and Ruth rode five miles with him. He lives in Milford and invited us to stop at his home when we reach Milford. We walked seven miles to Nephi, and spent the afternoon there. We stopped at the Forest Hotel. We have left the mud behind us.

November thirtieth. We did not leave Nephi until twelve thirty. The weather has turned very cold again. Yesterday I thought we had left the mud behind us, but I find we did not. The worst mud we have encountered we found today. Two men with two covered wagons drove over the road today, and Ruth rode with them, as the mud is heavy for her little feet. We walked twelve miles to Levan, getting there at four o'clock. We did not make any stops between Nephi and Levan. About a

mile out from Levan we met a gentleman who walked to Levan with us. He took us to the home of his wife's mother to spend the night. The lady is Mrs. M. F. Jennings. It began snowing soon after we arrived in Levan.

CHAPTER VI

DECEMBER FIRST. It snowed all night, and this morning the weather was very bad; snowing and blowing, and very cold. Mrs. Jennings asked us to leave Ruth with her for a few days until the weather is better, so we did so. Morris and Gus started with Cheyenne at ten o'clock, but Irene and I preferred waiting until twelve, as we thought we could walk rapidly and catch them. The railroad is about three miles from Levan, and when we got to the station there was no one there, but we saw two large boxes of fish on the platform. A man drove up and told us to take some. We took two, although we did not know whether they were good ones or not. We stopped for a few minutes at Juab, a station. A young man who has a tent and is trapping game here walked with us from Juab to his tent. He invited us to have a cup of hot tea in his tent before going on. While we were at the tent Mr. George McCune, who owns a very large ranch here, called at the tent, and told us the boys were at his home, and that we were to spend the night there. Mr. McCune asked us to ride his horse and he would walk, but we explained that we were "hikers." We passed an immense reservoir of water which was fairly covered with ducks. This reservoir belongs to the McCune ranch, and the water is used for irrigating purposes on the ranch. We got to Mr. McCune's ranch at dark, having walked ten miles today. Mrs. Patton, who keeps house for Mr. McCune on the ranch, served a good supper which we enjoyed very much. Mrs. Patton is an aunt of Mr. McCune, and she has two bright young boys on the ranch with her, they being the youngest of her fourteen children. She is a charming woman. Mr. McCune is a brilliant man. He was formerly a Mormon bishop, and a missionary in South America. He is a big hearted,

broad minded man. His home is in Nephi, where he has a wife and five children. There are a number of men working on the ranch, and when supper was over each man carried his dishes to the kitchen, a plan which saves a great many steps for Mrs. Patton.

December second. Mr. McCune explained a great deal of "Mormonism" to us this morning. He was the first person I have met of whom I could ask questions without embarrassment. We did not leave the ranch until eleven o'clock. The storm is over, and the weather fine. Of course, there is a great deal of snow on the ground. We stopped at Mills station for a few minutes and talked to Mr. and Miss Orgill. We walked seventeen miles today, and in that seventeen miles I am sure we walked east, west, north and south. Arrived at Leamington at six o'clock and stopped for the night with Mr. and Mrs. Nielson. Mr. Nielson is First Counsel to the Bishop. Mrs. Nielson's mother walked with the Mormon party in 1847 from Council Bluffs, Ia., to Salt Lake City.

December third. We left Mrs. Nielson's at ten thirty and walked five miles to Lynndyl. Soon after we arrived there Ruth came on the train from Levan. She was accompanied by Mr. Morteson, Mrs. Jennings' son-in-law. Ruth said she had a lovely time at Mrs. Jennings'. We ate lunch at the hotel at Lyndyll, and while we were there a gentleman came in and asked if we owned the dog outside. We admitted it, and he asked if we would sell him. We said no, whereupon he said he would give us five dollars for him. Morris said something to the effect that that wasn't nearly enough. "Well," he said, "that is only my first bid." He was very much in love with Prince and said he had a dog nearly like him. The gentleman's name is Walker, and he is a fine old fellow. We had a long chat with him. When we left Lynndyl we apparently left the mountains behind us. At least they were soon so far away we could not see them. We could see nothing but a vast expanse of desert, with sage brush growing all over it. We walked five miles to Cline section house. We spent the night at Cline with the Japanese foreman, Mr. W. Nagashi. Mr. Nagashi is quite as good a housekeeper as any woman, and we enjoyed a very good supper. He has a wife and little boy in Japan. We walked ten miles today.

December fourth. Mr. Nagashi got up very early and

prepared breakfast. It was very cold this morning, and when we had walked five miles from Cline we had to build a fire to get our feet warm. We walked eleven miles to Delta, a small town, and were invited to spend the night at the Kelly Hotel, and did so. A Swedish girl, her father and her sweetheart were sitting in the lobby with me and began talking to me. The father said: "You should go to Salt Lake City and get kitchen work to do. You would soon get fat. My daughter has been doing kitchen work there for two years and see how fat she is now." His daughter was certainly fat. We spent a pleasant evening with Mr. Kelly and his daughters. We also met a traveling man who travels out of Salt Lake City, Mr. Minger. He was very much interested in our long hike.

December fifth. We met a number of nice people in Delta, which is a new town which has grown up here in the desert in the last two or three years. There are a number of business houses, three or four hotels, and the town is distinctly booming. After thanking Mr. Kelly for his kindness to us we started at nine thirty. We stopped for an hour at Oasis, a nice little desert town, then walked on to Clear Lake, eighteen and one-half miles from Delta. There are no houses between Oasis and Clear Lake. We could get only one room at the hotel and we made a bed on the floor. We were glad to have a place to make the bed on the floor. In Clear Lake we met a gentleman who formerly lived at Leavenworth, Kansas, Mr. H. C. Snyder.

December sixth. Today we walked seventeen miles to Goss section house, a very tiresome walk. Nothing but desert, no people anywhere. At Goss there is a Japanese section foreman, Mr. George Okazaki, who is a model of cleanliness. A Spaniard who speaks very good English lives with him, and both were very glad to have visitors. Soon after we arrived another party came who had driven from Kanosh, twenty-five miles away. They waited in the section house until the train came at eleven thirty, and left on that train.

December seventh. I have learned a great many things since leaving Kansas City, and not the least important is what I have learned about the foreign people living out in this country. They have great big hearts, and are always ready to dispense hospitality. A great many times they are under the impression that we are walking from necessity, and we cannot make them understand; in fact,

we do not try to do so, as it only means embarrassment for them when they do not understand. We walked fifteen miles today, getting to Black Rock at five o'clock. I am enduring the agony of "breaking in" a pair of new walking boots, and I frequently change from the new ones to the old, which only means a new kind of suffering, as the stones sticking through the large holes in the bottoms of the old boots is anything but pleasant. I limped into Black Rock feeling that every step would be the last one I could possibly take. I am not sure whether or not the town of Black Rock is named on account of the black rocks around the vicinity of the town, but they certainly are all black. We stopped at the home of Mr. James, and enjoyed a very good supper, then retired very early.

December eighth. We spent the morning talking to Mr. and Mrs. James and Mr. Burbank, brother-in-law of Mrs. James, all of whom we liked very much. Mr. Burbank is a refined and well educated man whom it is a pleasure to meet. We left Black Rock at eleven o'clock. We are entirely out of the snow here, although there have been deep snows all around Black Rock. When we had walked about eight miles we found snow again, and at Mr. Robinson's, eleven miles from Black Rock, it was quite deep. Mr. Robinson has a comfortable cabin with a large range stove in it and we spent the night there, getting our meals for ourselves, although we spent the evening with the Robinson family. Mr. Robinson had butchered hogs, and we had spare ribs for supper. We kept the fire burning all night, as it was very cold.

December ninth. We have met no one who has shown us more kindness than Mr. and Mrs. Robinson. We left for Milford at eleven o'clock. The snow became deeper the nearer we were to Milford. This is quite laughable to us, as so many people have told us we would be out of the cold weather district when we reach Milford. Now people are beginning to tell us we will find warm weather at Caliente, Nevada. We reached Milford at three thirty, twelve miles today. Remembering our invitation, when we reached Milford we called at the gentleman's home, but his wife stated that he was out of town and she had never heard of us. We explained that we could not decently ignore the invitation which had been so pressing, but were really relieved that we were left to choose our own stopping place. We stopped at the Atkins Hotel,

which is a thoroughly modern little hotel, and our accommodations were first class. After dinner we went to the theatre. We were agreeably surprised to see Mr. Brown, our Thanksgiving acquaintance, at the theatre, and he went to the hotel with us.

December tenth. We decided to spend the day in Milford, as we have such a pleasant place to stay, and we need a day off. Mr. Brown called on us in the morning, and again in the afternoon. We met lots of pleasant people, and are in love with the little town of Milford. In the evening we were invited to attend a dance, and did so, Mr. Brown going with us. Ruth had a number of partners. Mr. Reynolds, a mine operator, invited us to go to the Milford Hotel for supper after the dance. We enjoyed it, as Mr. Reynolds is a brilliant talker and a very interesting man. We notice in this country that "class" is apparently forgotten. At the dance the waitresses were just the same as the daughters of the wealthy. Indeed, the waitresses may be in very comfortable circumstances, and simply have some leisure time on their hands.

December eleventh. Mrs. Hedges, a lady whom we met, invited Ruth to spend a few days with her, and as the weather is very chilly we think it will be best for her to do so. So when we left Milford at eleven thirty we left Ruth behind us. We walked fifteen miles to Thermo section house, arriving there at five thirty. The Japanese foreman, Mr. N. Tsushima, made us very welcome. We prepared supper for all of us. Mr. Tsushima had some rice which was already cooked, and Gus, being very fond of rice, ate a good deal of it, which pleased Mr. Tsushima. This little Japanese is very attractive looking, and is very proud of the fact that he is the youngest section foreman on the road. He is twenty-four years of age, but looks to be about twenty.

December twelfth. Mr. Tsushima was up some time before we folks, and when Gus went into the kitchen he said: "I got 'im rice." He had cooked a lot of rice, which when we lifted the lid certainly looked appetizing. Every grain lay separate, yet cooked just right, and steaming hot. We ate it for breakfast as though we were regular Japanese, which pleased Mr. Tsushima. We told him goodbye with regret, and left at eight thirty. The desert in this vicinity is settling up rapidly. A large irrigation system is being put in near here, and the entire desert is

dotted with small houses. We arrived at Lund at five o'clock, a distance of twenty-one miles. Irene and I walked into Lund about fifty rods ahead of Gus, Morris and Ruth, and we created a mild sensation. A large amount of the population had been watching us for five miles, and a gentleman congratulated us upon being first class walkers. He said: "I don't know where you have walked from, but we have watched you for five miles, and you are really walkers." After answering the usual questions we went to the hotel. At supper we met a party of four people who had arrived in an automobile who evidently thought we had escaped from a circus of some sort. They vied with each other to see which could ask the most questions and the silliest. We finally concluded we had better let them know we knew the earth was supposed to be round, and did so. Mr. and Mrs. Root, the hotel proprietors, are fine people, as indeed are all whom we met in Lund. It was very warm today, and no snow on the ground. We hope we are out of the cold weather.

December thirteenth. We had a breakfast that equaled last night's supper. We left Lund at eleven o'clock and walked to Beryl, sixteen miles. We had been expecting to see a Japanese section foreman, but instead found a telegraph station, and Mr. W. F. Shelly, agent. Mr. Shelly invited us to spend the night with him, and we were surprised when we went inside the boxcar house to see how comfortable it is. He has a piano, and many other little comforts. He is an educated man, and is out on the desert for the benefit of his own and his wife's health, although at present his wife is in Los Angeles. Mr. Shelly has taken up quite a lot of the desert land, and has a good deal of live stock here. Irene and I prepared supper, which Mr. Shelly was glad to have us do, as he detests baching, and says he must get real hungry before he will cook anything. Washing dishes is his especial bugbear.

December fourteenth. We had hot cakes for breakfast this morning, and Mr. Shelly asked me to write the recipe for him. We had rice, also, but not so good as that cooked by Mr. Tsushima. Mr. Shelly wanted us to spend the day at Beryl, but we thought best not to do so, and left at twelve o'clock for Modena. The routine of desert travel is somewhat broken now, as we can see so many settlers, although most of them are quite a distance from the rail-

road, which we never leave, as we do not know where we will find water away from it, and on the railroad by consulting our maps we know always just when we will find water and a place to stop. We did not get to Modena until six thirty, seventeen miles today, and we were very tired. We stayed at the hotel of Mr. and Mrs. Bond, and as soon as we had eaten a splendid supper we went to bed.

December fifteenth. This was an eventful day. We were expecting a package of films to be brought to us this morning on the train and Irene and I decided to wait until the train arrives at eleven thirty, while Gus and Morris started at ten o'clock. When we had walked four miles we overtook the folks waiting for us. They said the train men had waved at them and so peculiarly that they thought we wanted them to wait. I presume the men meant to tell them about giving us the package. At three o'clock we crossed the state line into Nevada, stopping to take a picture. Today we have gotten into the mountains and walked up grade all the way. We passed the section men, and one of them told us that by taking a trail away from the railroad we would cut off a mile and a half in getting to Crestline. Irene and I were walking in advance a short distance, and when we reached what we supposed to be the trail mentioned we decided to go that way and save the mile or so walk. We walked and walked, and came to nothing. It began to grow dark and we were beginning to be afraid we were lost, but kept on for some time. We began running, climbing up and down mountains looking for some trace of Crestline. Finally we began to retrace our steps. We had no matches to build a fire and it gets very cold at night in these mountains, so we could not think of stopping. The most of the time we ran as fast as possible. At last we found the railroad. I had hurt my ankle, my back, and was thoroughly worn out. I told Irene I could go no further and persuaded her to leave me there alone while she went on alone to Crestline. A train passed and I tried to flag it, but they did not see me. When Irene had gone about two miles she saw the men hunting for us. They were carrying lanterns and guns; had been firing the guns all evening, but we had not heard one shot. Gus took Irene on to Crestline, and the others came on after me. When the boys reached Crestline and did not find us there they were sure we were lost and immediately began hunting

for us. We got to Crestline at eleven o'clock and spent the night with the section foreman, who is a fine fellow, an American. We were all tired out, but were glad the search had not lasted all night. We learned that we had walked nine miles away from the railroad and nine miles back, not mentioning the extra running up and down mountains. This made about thirty-four miles we walked today.

December sixteenth. This morning we were stiff and sore, and my ankle was badly swollen. We met the telegraph operator, Mrs. Getker, who told us of her experience in getting lost in the mountains in this locality last summer. They were not found for forty-eight hours, and then were thirty-five miles from the railroad track. Her daughter was with her. We heard of another lady who was lost in the same locality. In future we do not take any short cuts. Crestline is the dividing line of the Great Salt Lake Basin and the Nevada territory, and is a very beautiful spot. The mountains are heavily timbered and very picturesque. We walked only from Crestline to Acoma today, nine miles. Irene and I did not feel like walking. We spent the night with Mrs. Mary Overman at Acoma, and enjoyed a splendid supper. Mrs. Overman is the mother-in-law of the section foreman, Mr. Downing, and keeps house for him. Mr. Downing was away, but Mrs. Overman entertained us very pleasantly. We retired very early, as Irene and I are still very tired.

December seventeenth. We spent a good deal of time talking to Mrs. Overman this morning before we started. She has two sons here with her, one a clever little fellow of eight years, the other a young man who is employed on the railroad. We left at eleven o'clock, but had not gone far when our troubles began. The railroad follows a deep canyon down the mountains, and a good deal of it is fenced in. The bridges are not covered and Cheyenne cannot walk over them. We spent a good deal of time in figuring out ways by which we could get Cheyenne down the canyon. She is a champion burro and will go wherever she sees the slightest chance of making it. At three o'clock we had only walked six miles. There we found a road which we were informed led to Big Springs, the place we intended to spend the night. Morris and Gus took Cheyenne on this road, while Irene and I walked on down the railroad track. The canyon gets deeper and

rougher all the way from Acoma to Big Springs. At Islen we met a number of people who were waiting to catch a train, and one, Mr. George Barrott, invited us to spend the night at his camp, although he was not there, as he went to Salt Lake. He gave us a note to the parties in charge of the camp. When we got to Big Springs we were informed that there was no road in this canyon, and no possible way the boys could get to Big Springs by road. The foreman of the section, Mr. Luigi Amante, invited us to spend the night there and said they would make us as comfortable as possible, but we decided to go on to Mr. Barrott's camp. We gave up hope of finding the folks tonight, thinking they would be forced to spend the night outside, and before this time it had started to rain. Mr. Amante sent the track walker to take us to Mr. Barrott's camp, as the tunnels were so long and so many of them he said it was unsafe for us to go through alone. It was dark before we left Big Springs. When we got to Mr. Barrott's camp, which consisted of a number of box cars, Mr. and Mrs. Winn, who were in charge, served us a splendid supper, and tried to persuade us that Morris and Gus would find some place to stay all night. At nine o'clock we heard a familiar whistle, and were very much surprised to find them outside the box car. They had found they were on the wrong road after going a couple of miles, and had climbed over the mountains back into the canyon, led Cheyenne over trestles, forded the creeks, walked through the tunnels, and at last arrived at Big Springs, only to find we were not there. Since they had gone so far they decided to come on to the camp, and did so. Once Cheyenne stepped into a spring and was almost mired in mud, even part of the packs going under, but they pulled her out. Then again after it got dark they were on a long trestle when they saw the headlight of a train coming; they hurried Cheyenne back and just got her off the trestle when the train rushed by. Mr. Amante, the Italian section foreman, was very curious to know why we were taking such a long walk. Morris said we were going to write a book. He then asked to be put into the book, and said: "Say the Italians are fine people." This we are willing to concede.

Mr. and Mrs. Winn are out in the desert for the benefit of Mr. Winn's health. Their home is in Los Angeles.

Today we walked thirteen miles only, but such miles.

December eighteenth. This morning we found that this beautiful canyon is called Rainbow Canyon. The bridge workers were glad to be relieved of the monotony slightly by seeing strangers, and they did not go to work this morning until we left. Mr. Gardner, the foreman, said he thought they wouldn't go to work until we left, as maybe we might take some pictures, or something. We took the pictures, and they fired guns and had a great time. Today we walked to Caliente, thirteen miles, but had no difficulty with Cheyenne, as the boys found a fairly good trail near the bottom of the canyon. We got into Caliente at two o'clock, and found the coldest weather we have experienced for some time. So much for warm Caliente. We have called this joke number nine hundred and ninety-nine. But we expect to find all warm weather some time. We had a peculiar experience in regard to a hotel at Caliente. We selected one that looked all right and engaged rooms there. We particularly mentioned we must have one room with a stove so we could have a fire, as it is so cold. The lady was very agreeable and said of course we could have a fire; she would have it built at once. She did have a little fire built, but left no coal, and at five o'clock we asked if we might have some coal. She said, yes, if we would pay fifty cents a bucket for it. She had other troubles beside building fires, and she was no Chinaman to wait on people, and we could get out; much more to the same effect. We lost no time in getting out, and concluded we had accidentally gotten into an asylum. We found another hotel, and they did not seem at all surprised when we told them our experience, simply saying that the lady was a little queer. We agreed that she was decidedly queer. We were expecting Ruth to come on the train from Milford this evening, but find the train is five hours late, and will not get into Caliente before midnight. At seven o'clock we had a telegram from home saying that a little nephew had been born to us, John King Park.

December nineteenth. Ruth arrived from Milford at twelve o'clock, and reported a very nice visit with Mrs. Hedges. We did our Christmas shopping today, buying the little gifts we sent home. We have seen more drunken men today than ever at once before. The town is also full of "hobos," all on their way to southern California for the winter. The proprietor of the hotel where we are

staying owns a saloon here also, and he presented the "hobos" with a Mulligan stew, they cooking it in the back of his saloon. They served it in tin cans which had the tops melted off of them. Mr. Skinner, the proprietor, rounded up about thirty of the "hobos" in front of the hotel so that we might take a picture of them, which we did. But many of the "hobos" were unfit to pose for a picture before we got around to take it. At four o'clock we left Caliente and walked five miles to Etna, where we staid all night. This is the first section house we have seen on the Los Angeles division of this railroad, and it is very nice indeed. There is one house, of course, built for the foreman of the section, and one for the men under him. The foreman's house is built in bungalow style, with a porch entirely around the house. A living room runs through the center of the house, with two rooms opening on each side of it. Very large doors and windows are built to make it cool as possible in summer. Mr. L. E. Hoover is the foreman here, and he made us very welcome.

December twentieth. We left Etna at ten o'clock and walked sixteen miles to Elgin. The Rainbow Canyon, or Meadow Valley Wash, as it is commonly called, from a scenic standpoint equals anything we have seen on this trip. The great rocks with their rich coloring, almost any shade can be seen—reds, greens, browns, light creams and yellows, are beyond description. At Elgin we were directed to the home of Mr. Bradshaw, a ranchman, and although they had a houseful, their children being at home to spend the Christmas holidays, they made a place for us. Mr. Bradshaw has lived here in the mountains of the Meadow Valley Wash for twenty-seven years, and says he means to stay here. He is from Missouri, but has been in Kansas City for about fifty years. He knew Frank and Jesse James and many other Missourians of those times. Mr. Bradshaw wears a very heavy beard, and under no conditions will he wear a white collar. Once he was persuaded to do so, and while he had it on it rained and wilted his collar. He said he knew the Lord took pity on him. Mr. Bradshaw is a great reader, and is thoroughly posted on many things, particularly political affairs. We enjoyed talking with Mr. Bradshaw, as he says just what he thinks, and generally hits the mark. He told us when we go back to Kansas City to

tell people we had seen a big bear, but he walked on two legs. Unlike the most people in this country, Mr. Bradshaw never turns a tramp away from his door without feeding him, which means a great deal, as hundreds pass here every year.

December twenty-first. Mr. and Mrs. Bradshaw have a beautiful little daughter four years of age. They have quite a large family, several married children. Mrs. Bradshaw is a dear little woman, and treated Irene and I as though we were her children. We left Mr. Bradshaw's house at eleven o'clock, but stopped at the station for an hour to mail Christmas packages, where we met Mr. and Mrs. Parker. Today it has been decidedly warmer, and I am beginning to think we are getting into a warmer climate. We see thousands of quail in this country, getting within ten feet of them before they fly away. They run ahead of us sometimes for a quarter of a mile. We walked just ten miles today and stopped at Leith section house, spending the night with Mr. and Mrs. Lyons, both of whom were fine to us.

December twenty-second. We left Leith at eleven o'clock, Mrs. Lyons walking three miles with us. We only walked ten miles and got to Carp at three thirty. We are still in the Meadow Valley Wash, so-called because so many washouts have occurred here. A new road has been built now which cost the railroad company a great deal of money, something like three millions of dollars, so we have been told. The road was practically washed out about four years ago, and the ruins bear evidence of the great damage done at that time. Just before we got to Carp we passed a ranch house and stopped for a little while. Mr. Clarence Mabey and his family live here. He was dressing turkeys to take to Las Vegas, and we engaged one which he will leave there for us. At Carp we arranged to sleep in a tent, and took supper at the section house, as Mrs. Scott, the wife of the foreman, runs a boarding house to accommodate the employees of a company who are putting in an irrigation system fifty-one miles from Carp. As this is the station to which all freight is sent she has quite a lot of boarders. We spent a good deal of our time with Mr. and Mrs. Butler, the station agent and his wife. Mrs. Butler gave us the privilege of preparing our breakfast on her stove, so we will not have to get up so early in the morning. They have

breakfast at a very early hour, as the freighters leave at six o'clock. It snowed this evening, but it is not very cold.

December twenty-third. It seemed to be about midnight when the breakfast bell rang, but in fact I think it was five o'clock. We did not get up. We had breakfast at Mrs. Butler's. Mr. and Mrs. Butler asked us to leave Ruth with them for a couple of days, and as she wanted to stay we did so. We left Carp at eleven thirty and walked ten miles to Galt section house. When the section foreman came to the door he said: "I know you; I saw you at Tucker, Utah." We remembered him, also. He is Mr. Dean Bever, a bachelor. He told us to act as though we were at home, and whatever he had we were welcome to have. Mr. Bever is from Nebraska, and he said he felt that we were home folks. In fact, he called us nothing but "folkses," and it seemed very good to hear it. Mr. Bever lived for a number of years at Caliente, and his description of its people was certainly funny. Many of these descriptions, however, will not bear publicity. We had a fine supper, although Mr. Bever did not think we had drawn on his supplies heavily enough, and would not allow us to use any of our own.

December twenty-fourth. This morning Mr. Bever said if we did not like California we must come back to the desert and "make a stake." Almost everyone is out here to do this same thing. They get very good salaries and have very little to spend it for. A great many of them homestead some land in the meantime. We left Galt at eight thirty. At Rox section we stopped for an hour and a half at the ranch of Mrs. Huntsman. She has lived here for forty years, and although she is an old woman she walks to Moapa and back in a day. She said she did not always care to wait for the trains.

We arrived at Acton section house at six thirty, a distance of twenty-one miles from Galt. Mr. and Mrs. Musgrave and their baby live here. Mr. Musgrave is another of the many fine fellows working as section foreman on this railroad. Today we left the Meadow Valley Wash behind us, getting out into the open desert country again.

December twenty-fifth, Christmas Day. It was raining this morning when we left Acton, but we were so anxious to get our Christmas mail at Moapa that we cared nothing for rain. We walked five miles to Moapa, getting there

at twelve o'clock. We telegraphed to Mr. Butler to send Ruth on the afternoon train to Moapa, which he did. We staid in Moapa all afternoon and night. All the Piute Indians are in town to spend Christmas day. Sloan and Company had a basket of presents for the Indians, and about two o'clock they were distributed. Mr. Kirkham very kindly helped us to get some pictures of the Indians, which is a very hard thing to do. They strenuously object to having a photograph taken. The day is so dull and rainy it is hard to get a picture. One old Indian woman said we could take her picture if we would give her money. We were told she is something over a hundred years old. The Piute Indians are absolutely self-supporting, and are an industrious class of Indians. This evening they were drinking whisky, and raised a great racket. One Indian who is drunk took a knife to his wife, and we heard her wailing for hours. But we are informed they are generally sober and peaceable. They enjoy splendid credit, many of them having large accounts at the stores. They always pay. We staid all night at the Kirkham Hotel, and everything that would help to make our stay pleasant was done. We did not meet Mrs. Kirkham, as she is ill. We had a dreadful feeling of homesickness, but Miss Sullivan, the school teacher, little Miss Kirkham and others relieved it wonderfully, and did their best to make Christmas night pleasant for us.

December twenty-sixth. This morning we received our delayed Christmas packages, and all felt better. We were fortunate in getting another fruit cake from home, and decided to carry it to Las Vegas, where we mean to celebrate Christmas. The day has been beautiful after the rain of yesterday. We left our many friends in Moapa at eleven thirty, Miss Sullivan and Mr. Major walking two miles with us. We crossed the Muddy River about two miles out of Moapa. It looks like a small creek, but is quite deep. Vegetables and cantaloupes are raised in this valley in abundance. We walked fifteen miles to Crystal section house, where we found another bachelor, Mr. Mack Christensen. Before we left Mr. Christensen he said his real name is Magnus, but so many people called him Maggie that he changed his name to Mack. Mr. Christensen was very glad to see strangers. He is a Dane, and has been on the desert only a short time. His home is in Los Angeles.

December twenty-seventh. Mr. Christensen went to work and left us to close his house and leave when we were ready, which we did at eleven o'clock, taking the key to Mr. Christensen. He wanted us to stop over for a day, but we explained that we are in a hurry to get to Las Vegas. At one o'clock we stopped at Dry Lake, and Mr. Homan, the operator, and wife, invited us to have lunch. We staid at Dry Lake until three thirty, then walked to Garnet section house, making twelve miles today. Mr. and Mrs. Burt live at Garnet and we staid all night with them. Mr. and Mrs. Homan and baby came to Garnet on their motor "speeder" to spend the evening with us.

December twenty-eighth. We left Mr. and Mrs. Burt and their four babies at eleven o'clock. Walked only ten miles to Dike section house, and found another bachelor here, Mr. W. Long. He told us to pretend the house was ours, and we did so. After supper a walking Evangelist came and asked to stay all night, so we had quite a party. Mr. Long asked me to get supper for him. Mr. Long had one of the Mexicans bring his graphophone and play for us. I never imagined I would enjoy a graphophone so much.

December twenty-ninth. The evangelist left before we were up this morning. While we were getting breakfast a tramp came and asked for something to eat. Mr. Long showed him where the wood pile could be found, and told him I would give him some breakfast after he had finished. And I gave him a good one. He told me he had heard a great deal of our party, especially of the little girl. At nine o'clock we started, and five miles out we passed the tramp and left him far behind us. At one o'clock we arrived in Las Vegas, thirteen miles. We looked for a place to keep house, as we intend to stay in Las Vegas several days, and want to do our cooking. We found a house tent at the California, which were the only available living rooms in the town. Mrs. Homan, of Dry Lake, was in Las Vegas, and staying at the California House, and we were very pleased to see her. She is one of the most charming women we have ever met. We ate supper at the Overland Hotel. Mr. Thomas of the Clark County Review is very anxious for an interview, but we will have plenty of time for that later. Mr. Dobson, the groceryman, showed us every courtesy, hav-

ing his delivery wagon collect parcels for us, etc. Las Vegas is the most up-to-date town we have seen for a long time. It is a live desert town and growing very rapidly.

December thirtieth. Spent the day in shopping, getting ready to celebrate Christmas, even though it is several days late.

December thirty-first. Ruth called us very early this morning, as Santa had left her a Christmas tree. We enjoyed a splendid turkey dinner today. Gus received a box from his mother with a number of good things in it.

CHAPTER VII

JANUARY FIRST. Spent the day in resting, reading and writing, and in eating "leftovers." In the evening we went to the theatre.

January second. We had our goods so badly scattered around that we were not ready to leave Las Vegas until twelve o'clock. The winter climate here is ideal—neither too warm nor too cold—just right. Las Vegas is located just about in the center of a large desert valley. We can plainly see the point at which we entered the valley fourteen miles away. We walked twelve miles this afternoon to the little town of Arden. Just after passing the station the operator called to us and said that we did not whistle when we came into town. We were walking pretty rapidly. Mr. McLeod, the operator, said there was no hotel in Arden, but that we could sleep in the station. A large plaster plant is located at Arden, and we were able to get supper at the company cook house, which is run by Chinese. They served us a splendid meal. They have fresh meat and fresh vegetables brought from Los Angeles. At ten thirty we selected the softest boards in Mr. McLeod's living room and retired.

January third. This morning we had breakfast with Mr. McLeod. We left Arden at eleven twenty. We could see Las Vegas as plainly as though it were two miles away. We walked thirteen miles, traveling over a most dreary stretch of desert. We left the Las Vegas Valley, crossing a small range of mountains. We walked slowly

today, and did not get to Erie section until six o'clock, quite dark. We were unable to arrange with the section foreman to stay all night at the section house, and although the operator and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Johnstone, have very small quarters, they made room for us. Mrs. Johnstone, before her marriage, was a motion picture actress. She finds it rather lonely out in the desert. She has five trained cats who occupy some of her time. She is very proud of them. A little boy who lives in Riverside is visiting here, and he insisted upon staying up all night with Mr. Johnstone in order that we might have his bed. Mr. Johnstone is the night operator, and the little boy, who is twelve years of age, likes to stay up and read the telegraph messages. He has learned the Morse system since coming to Erie.

January fourth. Mr. and Mrs. Johnstone tried to get us to stay with them today, but when we would not they persuaded us to let Ruth visit them for a few days, and as she wanted to stay we left her, although Irene has decided this must be her last visit any place. We stopped at Jean, a small town, two hours, where we met some nice people. Jean is the shipping point for the Goodsprings mine, which is eight miles away. We walked eighteen miles today, and did not get to Roach section house until some time after dark. The last three miles of the walk on each side of the railroad track there is a pond of water, and beyond this water just a great stretch of yellow sand. In the moonlight this evening it looked as though it were all water. Mr. Leonard, the section foreman at Roach, lives alone, although he had guests this evening, the same walking evangelist whom we met before, and Mr. D. W. Johnson, who has a zinc mine a short distance from Roach. He has a car of ore here ready to ship to Iola, Kansas. I understand that Mr. Leonard does a great deal of prospecting around this locality. Mr. Leonard was very kind to us, and made us feel perfectly welcome.

January fifth. When we got up this morning Mr. Leonard had taken his men to work, but had left word that we were to make ourselves comfortable. Mr. Johnson and the evangelist had eaten breakfast, so we ate alone. The evangelist has been with Mr. Leonard for several days, and intends to remain a few days longer. We were sorry to have missed thanking Mr. Leonard for his hospitality. We left Roach at ten o'clock. At exactly twelve

o'clock we arrived at the California State line at Calada. We felt that the end of the trip is very near, although we are still several hundred miles from San Francisco. But at least we have walked from Missouri to California. We staid at Calada for about two hours. We took some pictures, also wrote some letters. The day is perfect, and while we staid here we took off sweaters, coats and hats. This afternoon we stopped at Lyons, a station, and the operator said they had heard of the walking party who were coming, but had understood it was mother and daughter. Irene and I exchanged glances, each wondering which of us had been taken for the mother. The operator was so astonished at our appearance that we both felt better. Of course the rumor concerned Irene and Ruth. We arrived at Nipton, a small town, at four thirty, making fifteen miles today. We slept in the station living rooms, as the operator, Mr. Rulison, does not live in them. He has his home across the railroad tracks. He very kindly offered us the use of the rooms. We ate our meals at the hotel. We have heard a great deal about the desert sunsets, and have seen some very pretty ones, but at Nipton this evening we saw the sunset as we never have seen it. The whole desert seemed to glow with a soft pink light. The effect was strikingly beautiful. Almost everyone we met at Nipton is interested in mining, and we were told there was a number of good mines in this vicinity. They are experimenting in farming now, and are having success.

January sixth. This morning while we were at breakfast we saw a train of pack burros start for one of the mines. They belong to Mr. and Mrs. Fitzpatrick, who have a mine nineteen miles from Nipton. Mrs. Fitzpatrick is at present taking care of the dining room at the hotel. She cannot live at the mine during the winter on account of the high altitude. Both Mr. and Mrs. Fitzpatrick are fine people. We did not leave Nipton until eleven thirty, as we waited for the mail train to arrive. At Moore section house we stopped for a few minutes talking to the section foreman, Mr. Carl Looney. He promised to trap a bobcat and send to us. We stopped at Leastalk, a small town, and talked for an hour to Mr. Landis and family. They invited us to stay all night with them, but we had come such a short distance we decided against it. Before we got to Brant section house at six

o'clock it was quite dark. It is dark very early now. Mr. Ridge, the section foreman, is in Salt Lake City, but Mrs. Ridge and her sister, Mrs. Harmon, are at home. They were rather averse to the idea of allowing strangers to stay all night there, but after we were acquainted they were very glad to have us, and we had a very pleasant evening. Mrs. Ridge is a lovely woman, and Mrs. Harmon one of the most witty and interesting women I ever met. We walked fifteen miles today.

January seventh. Mrs. Ridge served a splendid breakfast this morning. After breakfast we went out to look at the blooming flowers. It seems very odd to pick roses, carnations, violets, etc., out here in the desert, but we did it. Mrs. Ridge and Mrs. Harmon have converted their yard into a flower garden, but it represents hours of hard work. However, it is well worth the trouble it has been to them. There is a Mexican working on the section here who made Mrs. Ridge a bottle which looks to be encased in wood, but in reality is a preparation made of paper, with desert cat's claw inserted. It is very artistic, and we admired it very much. Before we left he gave me a bottle like the one given to Mrs. Ridge. We started from Brant at ten thirty, Mrs. Ridge and Mrs. Harmon walking two miles with us. Mrs. Harmon said she would not care to be starting to walk to Los Angeles. Soon after we left Brant we found ourselves in a regular grove of Joshaway trees, which is the common name for a certain kind of cactus. It grows very tall and looks like a tree. Today we crossed a pass in the mountains, and at Cima, the summit, there is a little town. We were in Cima about two hours, where we met a lady, Mrs. Shipley, who has relatives in Kansas City whom we know well. We spent a pleasant half hour with Mr. and Mrs. Paul, the operator and his wife. On the way down to Elora this afternoon we passed a freight train on a siding, and the conductor said he saw Ruth at Erie this morning, and that she would come to Flynn tomorrow evening. We walked sixteen miles today, getting to Elora at five o'clock. We staid all night at the section house with Mr. and Mrs. Williams. Mrs. Williams is crippled badly, and is no taller than Ruth, but she is able to do her work and is so bright and cheerful. She was very glad to have us stop with them. They have a dear little granddaughter who lives

with them, and although she is only four years old she helps Mrs. Williams a great deal in her work.

January eighth. Mrs. Williams had breakfast ready when we got up this morning. From Elora we can see what is called The Devil's Playground fifteen miles away. It looks like a mountain of pure yellow sand. Before we left Elora the young man who acts as track walker for the railroad company stopped to leave mail, and he staid until we left at ten thirty. He is Mr. Guy Tupper. I say track walker, but while they are called walkers they really ride, all having what is called a speeder. We reached Kelso at one thirty, which is eleven miles from Elora. We saw Mr. Tupper again, and met several others. Mr. Hots, who has a store in Kelso, formerly lived in Kansas City for a number of years, and said he had been expecting the Kansas City Hikers. He was fine to us. We walked to Flynn section house, having walked sixteen miles today. We found a bachelor foreman at Flynn, Mr. Smith. The flagman, Mr. Johnson, lives with him. Both Mr. Smith and Mr. Johnson are old mining men, and do a lot of prospecting. Ruth came on the train at nine o'clock, and reported that she had enjoyed her visit. One of the Mexicans who lives in the bunk house has a little boy about five years old, who furnished a good deal of amusement for us. He called just at supper time and stood there until we fed him. Mr. Smith says he is a regular caller at meal time. He does not speak any English, so we tried our few words of Spanish on him, and he seemed to understand. I think water means only something to drink, as far as he is concerned.

January ninth. Mr. Smith took his Mexicans to work before we were up, but Mr. Johnson staid at the house in order to lock up after we were gone. Mr. Johnson does the cooking, and he was looking for pointers when we prepared breakfast. He ate some hot cakes and drank a cup of coffee, saying both tasted fine. He asked me to write the recipe for the cakes, and to show him how I made the coffee, saying he intended surprising Mr. Smith in the morning with some just like both. I sincerely hope he is successful. The little Mexican called for breakfast. At ten o'clock we started, and we passed Mr. Smith about two miles down the track. He said that if

he "struck it rich" in a mine he would send us some specimens.

We are now in the Devil's Playground. We have heard some odd stories about this place. It is said that a wagon train of soldiers is buried in the sand here. The sand is blowing and continually shifting, and we see regular mountains of it, but I doubt the soldier story. This is not the time of year when the wind blows so terribly, but even today we can see ahead of us a hazy cloud of sand. On the south of us there is a break in the mountains, which is called Windy Gap. We got to Glasgow section house at one o'clock, and the foreman, Mr. Ord, asked us to stay all night there, but we decided to go further. When we got to Sands, a telegraph and pumping station, we found another bachelor, Mr. J. W. Griffin. We asked if we could stay all night, and he said we could do so. He prepared two rooms for us to use. He showed us his larder, saying to help ourselves and get supper. Mr. Griffin is a first class housekeeper and his house is as neat as it can be. But he enjoyed the supper which we prepared. We walked fourteen miles today.

January tenth. After breakfast this morning Mr. Griffin said we needed a rest and we must stay at Sands today. He would not take a refusal, so we decided to stay. Mr. Griffin makes us feel that we are in our own homes. We do the cooking, although he waits on us all the time. Tonight before we went to bed Mr. Griffin said there was no use in our starting out in the morning; that we might as well stay another day. As we are enjoying the stay and apparently he is also, we will stay. His only fear is that he will run out of grocery supplies. The weather is ideal. This afternoon Morris took a long tramp over in the mountains.

January eleventh. We had a fine breakfast, but Mr. Griffin enjoys the hot cakes better than anything else. I made mince pies today, which were fine. We feel by this times that we have known Mr. Griffin for years. Each train that passes finds us out on the porch to watch them. I am sure the trainmen think Mr. Griffin has acquired a very large family. They, of course, know his guests are the hikers. Mr. Griffin says we must stay another day, and has sent to Kelso for some things to eat.

January twelfth. Mr. Spencer brought us a chicken and some fresh eggs in the night. Mr. Spencer is an engineer

who lives at Kelso, and is on an engine which passes Sands. I had a very bad headache today, and could not leave my bed until near evening. Mr. Griffin said he would not think of letting me start out without resting another day. He telegraphed to Otis for our mail to be sent to us here. We are beginning to think we would enjoy staying here permanently. The desert has a great fascination for us, and Mr. Griffin is just like an old friend.

January thirteenth. We spent another pleasant day, but have decided that we must go in the morning. Mr. Griffin said he would like us to stay for another week; that he would be more lonely when we were gone than he had ever been before. I know we will miss him greatly, and are looking forward to the time when we can have him visit us and repay some of his kindness. Today I made pumpkin pies, some to leave for Mr. Griffin after we are gone.

January fourteenth. We were ready to leave at nine o'clock, but we hated starting, and when we did so we felt that we were leaving a good friend behind us. Mr. Griffin is absolutely alone at Sands, and we have named him the mayor. We will never forget our pleasant stay at Sands, Calif. Five and a half miles from Sands we stopped at Balch section house. Mr. Dunlap, the foreman, asked us to spend a few days with him, but we could not do so. However, we appreciated the invitation. We stopped at Crucero, a telegraph and postoffice station, and talked for a few moments with Mr. and Mrs. Hewettson. Then we walked on to King section house, where we staid all night. Mr. Smith, the foreman, was very nice to us, but we missed Sands. His flagman, Mr. McCandless, lives with him. Mr. Smith is another prospector. He says he works for the railroad to make money, then spends it in prospecting. We walked fifteen miles today.

January fifteenth. It rained quite a little in the night, and this morning looked as though it would rain more. Mr. Smith did not go to work, as this is the day the paymaster's car arrives. We left King at eleven o'clock. Although we are in California, and have been for some time, we are crossing the worst desert we have seen, the Mojave. When we had walked about five miles Irene and I, who were walking about a quarter of a mile in advance of the rest, met a man, and we asked him if there was a store where we saw a number of buildings

about half a mile away. He said there was a store where a small variety of things could be bought. We asked him if they kept tobacco, to which he replied that they did, but offered Irene his tobacco sack, asking her if she wanted to smoke. He did it in an ordinary manner, as though it were the most natural thing if she did want to smoke. We went to the store and found a Kansas City gentleman there, Mr. Brock. Baxter, the name of the town, is a mining settlement. Just after leaving Baxter we entered Cave's Canyon, another scenic wonder. The Mojave River flows through this canyon. We have heard a great deal about burros running loose and wild, but today we saw the first ones we have seen, five little beauties. They were so wild we could not get near them, with the exception of one which has a deformed foot, his hoof having grown out until it is fully ten inches long and curled into a circle. We walked through tunnel number one, the eighteenth tunnel we have seen on the San Pedro railroad. When we came out of the tunnel we found ourselves in the rain, but half a mile further we came to Afton, so did not get wet. We stopped at the section house, but while we were talking to Mrs. McDonald, the section foreman's wife, the telegraph operator, Mr. Robert Galbraith, came to meet us, asking if we were Mr. Griffin's friends. He said he had been watching for us, as Mr. Griffin had told him we were on the way there. Mr. Galbraith took us to the station, where they live, and we staid all night with them. Mrs. Galbraith served a lovely supper. Mr. Griffin called us over the telgraph wires, and I sent my first telegraphic message. That is an accomplishment I have learned from the different operators on the San Pedro railroad. Mr. Griffin said he was very lonesome. Mrs. McDonald and her little boy came to call on the Galbraiths and we folks, and we had a very pleasant evening. Mr. Galbraith has a graphophone and lots of records, all good ones.

January sixteenth. We left Mr. and Mrs. Galbraith feeling that we had made more friends, and were very sorry that we could not accept their invitation to visit them for a day. They are fine people. Mrs. McDonald surprised us before we left by giving us a cake and other things which she had prepared this morning. We left Afton at eleven o'clock. At one o'clock we ate the cake, etc., and pronounced them excellent. We were sorry

Mrs. McDonald could not know how much we enjoyed them, for she would have been amply repaid for her trouble. Just before sundown we saw a couple of houses a short distance from the railroad tracks, and walked toward them. Just before we got to the houses a gentleman came out to meet us. He said that ladies are so scarce in this section of the country they go to meet them. He is Mr. Mark Keith, who has homesteaded some land here. Mr. George Erickson lives in the other house. Mr. Keith has two young men staying with him, Mr. Harrison and Mr. Miller, and all were very kind to us. We ate supper and spent the evening with Mr. Keith, but slept at Mr. Erickson's. Mr. Keith has a Victrola, and a lot of high class records. We walked fourteen miles today.

January seventeenth. We ate breakfast with Mr. Keith. He was very insistent that we spend a week with him, but we explained that we must bring our trip to a close. We started at ten o'clock, and walked fifteen miles to Otis, arriving there at four o'clock. We saw Mr. Erickson and Mr. Keith again there, they having driven into Otis in Mr. Erickson's automobile. We went to the Francis Hotel. When we were on our way to the post-office a gentleman asked us if we were Mr. Griffin's friends. He asked us to come to a dance which his club gave this evening. Mr. Eden, the gentleman, said they did not have a Kansas City dance floor, but we reciprocated by telling him that we had no Kansas City dance clothing with us. Just before supper we had a caller who formerly lived at our old home, Atchison, Kansas. She had just received the Atchison newspaper and had read an item about our party, so when she heard we were in Otis she came to see us. She is Mrs. Osteen, and we have many mutual acquaintances in Atchison. In the evening we went to the dance with Mrs. Francis, and although we have attended many dances we can truthfully say we never enjoyed ourselves more than at this dance. We met some people from Daggett, a town we will see tomorrow. Among the many pleasant people we met were Mr. and Mrs. Eden, Mr. and Mrs. Root, Mr. and Mrs. Haines, Mr. Golf, Mr. Pollard and Mr. Thornburg, all of whom did their best to make Otis a pleasant remembrance to us. Mr. Root is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Root at Lund, Utah.

January eighteenth. We left Otis at eleven o'clock, Mrs.

Osteen and her two boys walking a short distance with us. There are a number of very rich mines located near Otis and Daggett. We were told that one mountain plainly visible from Otis is valued at twelve million dollars. Six miles from Otis is the little town of Calico where the Calico mines are located. Millions of dollars in silver have been taken from these mines. Calico is one of the oldest towns in the State of California. The Calico range of mountains runs back of the town of Otis. At twelve thirty we arrived at Daggett, where we strike the Sante Fe railroad. We stopped there just a few minutes, and although it was Sunday and the postoffice closed, the postmistress, Mrs. C. S. Van Doren, very kindly gave our mail to us. She formerly lived in Kansas City. We were invited to ride to Barstow with Mr. James, a gentleman whom we met in Daggett, but of course we declined. At three thirty we arrived at Barstow, and went to the Barstow Hotel. Mrs. Fletcher, the lady who operates the hotel, owns a picture theatre, and she invited us there in the evening. We saw Mr. James, as he had driven from Daggett in his automobile. We walked thirteen and one-half miles today.

January nineteenth. The people of Barstow were very nice to us. We met Mr. Hutchison, the Vice-President of the National Old Trails Association. He was interested in knowing the route we have followed. Barstow is fortunate in having a beautiful depot and Harvey House. Before leaving town we had lunch there. We started from Barstow at one thirty, leaving the main line of the Santa Fe railroad, as we are going directly to San Francisco instead of via Los Angeles. We walked ten miles to Hinkley, getting there at five o'clock. There is only the section house and telegraph station at Hinkley, although several farm houses are quite near, as this locality is settling rapidly with homesteaders. We succeeded in finding a place to sleep, but nothing to eat. We walked to the nearest farm house, but they were completely out of supplies and had eaten the last they had for supper. So we could get nothing there. We had a loaf of bread and a can of corn, also a can of tomatoes. When the tomato can was opened we found they were spoiled, so we ate the loaf of bread and the can of corn and called it supper. We got a small bucket of hot water at the section house and into this we put one teaspoon of tea which we found

we possessed, and each drank a cup of tea (?). Before we went to bed Morris and I called on Mrs. Raftery and asked them if they could possibly arrange to let us have breakfast in the morning, which she very kindly promised to do, although she has guests and is going away on a pleasure trip in the morning. Mrs. Raftery is the wife of the telegraph operator. We retired early, and in sleep we forgot our hunger.

January twentieth. We did full justice to an elegant breakfast at six thirty. At eight o'clock we left Hinkley. Irene did not feel well this morning, so when we arrived at Hawes section house at twelve thirty we arranged to stay at Hawes until tomorrow. Mr. and Mrs. Brown live here, and they made us very welcome. We had a splendid supper, and in the evening played cards until eleven o'clock, a very late hour for us. We walked ten miles today.

January twenty-first. After a fine breakfast we told Mrs. Brown goodbye, and started to Kramer. We passed Mr. Brown and his Mexicans on the track, stopping to take their photographs. The weather is delightful today, as it has been for several days. We reached Kramer at four o'clock, making thirteen miles today. We found a hotel here, although it is a very small place, but a great many people are homesteading land here, and there are several people in the town. Mr. Agin, the proprietor of the hotel, is a fine young fellow. His wife is away at present, so we did not meet her. We called on Mr. and Mrs. Young, the agent and operator for the railroad company, as we had met friends of their family some distance back. Two gentlemen who live at Monrovia, Calif., are staying at the hotel, Mr. A. E. and C. E. Cronewatt. They have business interests here. They were very nice to us, and after supper took us to Mr. Young's home, where we had a delightful evening. Almost the entire population of the town were present.

January twenty-second. The beautiful weather of the past few days is no more, as the wind is blowing very hard, and we hesitated about leaving Kramer. We decided to face it, and started out at ten thirty. We were unable to see Mrs. Young this morning, as she was called to Bissell in the night on account of the illness of her daughter, Mrs. Steiner, who is visiting at Bissell. The wind blew directly in our faces, and when we reached

Rich section house we were exhausted. The sand blowing in our faces was very disagreeable. Mr. Thrasher, the section foreman, was not at home, but Gus went about a mile to see him and find out if we could go into his house. He gave Gus the key, and said to make ourselves perfectly at home. He is living here alone. We had supper almost ready when Mr. Thrasher came home, and he enjoyed having guests who prepared the meals. We walked only nine miles today.

January twenty-third. We started at nine thirty, although the wind is just as bad, if not worse, than yesterday. About one mile from Rich we struck what is called Dry Lake, a lake eight miles wide and about seventeen miles long. At present it has a great deal of water in it, although it is usually dry. But in crossing this eight miles we were relieved from the sand blowing in our faces. I forgot to mention that at Kramer a young man went out and brought in a pan of sand, washed it and picked out quite a little gold. I kept it for a souvenir. If I lived in this desert I am afraid I would pan sand all the time. We arrived at Muroc, a small town, at twelve forty-five, and rested there for an hour. While we were there a gentleman came into town to telegraph to Barstow and Mojave for physicians. He had had an accident and practically blown two men to pieces, one of them one of his best friends. He felt badly. Although we were pretty tired from facing the wind we decided to go on to Bissell, and reached there at five o'clock. This made a walk today of twenty miles in spite of the wind. We staid all night with Mr. and Mrs. Funk, the section foreman and his wife. Mrs. Steiner is with them, and is still very ill. Irene sat up with her almost all night.

January twenty-fourth. This morning it rained all forenoon, so we did not leave Bissell until one o'clock. Mr. Joe Ritter, whom we met at Kramer, came on an early train to bring some things to Mrs. Steiner. Mr. Ritter is the night telegraph operator at Kramer. The wind is blowing hard yet, and the weather is very disagreeable. Soon after we left Bissell it began to rain again, but we had to go on as there was no place to stop, so we walked to Mojave, ten miles from Bissell, arriving there at three thirty. We went to the Kingston Hotel. Mojave is a good sized town for a desert town. The people were very nice to us. We were invited to a dance, but were too

tired to go. One of the Harvey eating houses is located here. Also a great many saloons.

January twenty-fifth. We ate breakfast at the Harvey House. Everyone we met in Mojave commented on our healthful appearance. A doctor whom we met said we were pictures of health. It rained hard until noon, when it stopped long enough for us to leave Mojave, then began raining again. We entered the Tehachapi mountains soon after leaving Mojave, and the railroad, also the automobile road, follows the bed of a canyon. The higher we climbed the more it rained, until when we were about six miles from Mojave it strongly resembled a cloudburst. We were thoroughly soaked, and at LaRose we were glad to see a box car. We hurried to it and found a lonely bachelor who was very glad to have company. Mr. Juve is the telegraph operator at LaRose, and the sole inhabitant of the town. We are following the Southern Pacific railroad now, and in the Tehachapi mountains they have several telegraph stations. It took us some time to dry out, after which we prepared supper. When we remember the rain outside we are very comfortable in the box car, although we have to sleep on the bare floor. We played cards until eleven o'clock, stopping at nine o'clock to make some hot coffee. Mr. Juve has learned that the Coast Road is washed out, and all trains will be sent over the Valley road, which we are following.

January twenty-sixth. The rain did not stop until about nine o'clock, and we started at nine thirty to walk to Tehachapi, the summit. We are now well out of the Mojave desert, and the beautiful soft green of the Tehachapi mountains is very good to look at after our long desert sojourn. We climbed steadily up until we reached the summit, which has an elevation of 4000 feet. We saw some beautiful scenery. We think the Tehachapi mountains as pretty as any we have seen, one reason being that they are carpeted with a velvet green. Just one mile from the summit, or Tehachapi Pass, is located the town of Tehachapi, where we staid all night, stopping at the Clark Hotel. We walked thirteen miles today. No trains have been through the Valley road or the Coast road, both being washed out, and transportation between San Francisco and Los Angeles is impossible, except as we are traveling, on foot.

January twenty-seventh. When we awoke this morn-

ing a snowstorm was in full progress. At noon a blizzard such as we have in Kansas and Missouri had developed, and as we were afraid we might be snowed in, we decided to brave the storm and leave it behind us. Everyone in Tehachapi thought us very foolish to try to walk today, but we have surely reached the stage where a little rough weather will not hurt us, and at one o'clock we were on our way. A gentleman who said he must get to where he could take a train to San Francisco started with us. When we were out in the open country where the wind had full sway we almost changed our minds about leaving the hotel refuge. Morris and Gus had to take Cheyenne on the automobile road, the bridges being uncovered on the railroad. The gentleman walked with Irene, Ruth and I, and we walked down the canyon rapidly. Four miles down we stopped at the section house, and the Greek foreman made hot coffee for us. Soon after we left the section house we knew we were leaving the snow behind us. Between this section house and Caliente, only a few miles away, there are eighteen railroad tunnels. At Marcel the automobile road crosses the railroad, and the boys arrived there at the same time we did. At Walong we saw a splendid piece of engineering work. The railroad forms a perfect loop, following around a mountain and crossing under itself. There has been no snow at Walong, but a very hard rain. We reached Woodford, a small town, at five o'clock, having walked twelve miles. We staid all night at the boarding house of Mrs. Martin. A number of young men board with Mrs. Martin, and among them we met the first "Native Son" we have seen. We had a pleasant evening with music and cards.

January twenty-eighth. This morning the sun shone brightly, and it hardly seems possible we were in such a storm yesterday. Today we had one of the most delightful walks of the entire trip; a day that could not be surpassed, and scenery that it is impossible to describe in words sufficient to tell of its beauty, with the birds singing everywhere. We are indeed in sunny California. When within about eight miles of Caliente we saw the town nestled down in a small valley apparently about two miles away, which I presume it would be if we could go directly down to it. Gus, Morris and Ruth followed the automobile road, as they did not want to take Cheyenne through so many long tunnels as we found today, but Irene and I

walked on the railroad track. A few trains are being run over the road today, but very few, as the washouts are not properly repaired yet. Irene and I walked through one tunnel that is so long we were rather nervous when we reached the end. Then just ahead of us we saw another one. Just as we started to enter this tunnel we heard voices and were afraid to go through, so we decided to go over the top of the mountain. It was very steep, however, and when I saw an engine coming I thought it would be a very good idea to run through the tunnel behind the engine, which we did. When we came out at the other end we saw another tunnel just ahead. The engineer on the engine saw us running after the engine and I suppose he thought we wanted a ride, for he stopped and told us to climb on behind. We climbed up on the iron bars, thinking he meant for us to ride through the tunnel, but when we were through he kept on, increasing the speed of the engine. We called to him to stop, but he could not hear us. I did not have a very good hold on my iron bar and thought I should fall every second. They passed through a small town, with the inhabitants all out watching the unusual sight of two red coated young women hanging to the back end of an engine. Soon the fireman leaned over the top of the engine and asked us if we were all right. We told him decidedly we were not all right and to stop quickly. They stopped and we jumped off. They asked us to get in the cab and ride to Caliente, but we declined with thanks. We walked back to Bealville, the little town, where we washed the black off our hands; incidentally, we explained the situation. At Bealville the automobile road crosses the railroad, and, while by the railroad it is five miles to Caliente, it is but one mile by road. We took a one-mile leap down to Caliente. I felt as though I had descended Pike's Peak when we reached the bottom. Then we were forced to ford the Tehachapi creek before we could get to Caliente. There is no bridge, and the creek is very high. We arrived at Caliente at four o'clock, having walked twelve miles today. We staid at the Caliente Hotel, and enjoyed the evening spent with Mr. and Mrs. Little, the proprietor and his wife. A gentleman who came down from Tehachapi this evening was very much relieved when he found we were in Caliente. He said at the time we left Tehachapi he was unable to get a horse to make the trip,

as no one would permit their horses to be taken out. When we told him we enjoyed the experience I think he doubted it.

January twenty-ninth. This morning we met a young man from Kansas City, a Mr. Holstrom. He is returning to Kansas City, as he does not like California. We left Caliente at eleven o'clock. The automobile road is so much longer than the railroad from Caliente to Bakersfield that Morris and Gus decided to try to take Cheyenne down the railroad, although there are a number of bridges. About a mile and a half below Caliente we saw the main washout, with the big wreck train at work. The boys had a good deal of trouble. They took Cheyenne over the top of the mountains, on the sides, in creeks and canyons, in fact, every place. When Irene, Ruth and I walked through a long tunnel we lost them, and walked on without them. About a mile below the tunnel we sat down on a pile of railroad ties to admire the scenery, the sunshine and the world in general. While we sat there quietly Irene saw a coyote come down over the crest of a small mountain. It ran down to the river to drink. She pointed it out to us, but before we had seen it she saw another following it, then another and another, four coyotes in all. After they drank they trotted up the track toward us and came to within ten feet of us, then turned and ran up the side of the mountain for a short distance, never seeing us at all. They played there for a few minutes, finally trotting off the way they came. And we had no gun.

After we waited for Morris and Gus for some time we decided they had gone around us, so we went on without them. Just before we reached the station at Bena a gentleman who was riding a gasoline "speeder" overtook us. He stopped, saying that it was curiosity that killed the cat, but he had a great curiosity to know the why and where of our trip. He said he had seen us at Mojave, and again at Caliente. Of course, we told him all about it. While we were talking the monster engine of the Southern Pacific passed us, stopping at Bena, a quarter of a mile away. He wanted us to take a picture of it, so took us on the speeder to try to catch them, but they started on from Bena before we got there. Soon after we left Bena we climbed a steep grade, then came out into the San Joaquin Valley. It is a beautiful scene; as level as a floor, all covered with green grass for miles and miles ahead of

us. However, we understand it is not always covered with green grass; that this year is an exception. It is generally just a sandy desert. It is being settled up very rapidly, however, and will be under cultivation. We passed the first settlement soon after entering the valley. Still we saw no sign of Morris and Gus. We reached Edison at six thirty, dark, having walked fifteen miles today. The first thing we saw in Edison was a large elephant walking out by the side of the railroad track. We learned that a small circus train is sidetracked here on account of the washouts. We went to the store to see about getting accommodations for the night, but Mr. Edmundsen, the proprietor, told us there was no hotel in Edison. He said we could sleep in the large warehouse of the station, and could probably get meals at the boarding house of the land company. Morris and Gus arrived soon after we did, saying they had walked all over the world. They were up on the highest pinnacles, and in the lowest canyons. While they unpacked, Irene and I went to see if we could get supper at the boarding house. A Chinaman runs it, and, although supper was long since over, he said he would prepare a cup of tea for us, and we could have some bread and butter. We walked back after the boys and Ruth and thought while we were at the store we would get something to go with the tea, bread and butter. A gentleman who was in the store heard us buying things, and he left. When we got back to the boarding house he was there. Such a lunch as we had! He is in charge for the land company, and had told the Chinaman to prepare a good lunch for us. I have eaten many dinners not one-fourth so good as that lunch. The Chinaman is so good natured and laughs all the time. We did not know what he was laughing about, but we laughed with him.

We saw our first orange trees, this evening at Edison, but it was too dark to see them well. Edison is quite a thriving little place. Large orange and olive groves are being set here.

January thirtieth. At six thirty we went to breakfast, the best breakfast I have ever eaten. For Ruth he had tiny oranges and tiny pancakes, everything tiny for little girl, he said. At eight o'clock we left Edison and walked seven miles to Bakersfield, that is, East Bakersfield, Kern Junction. Then walked a mile to Bakersfield proper. We

staid all day and night at Bakersfield. When we arrived at Bakersfield it looked like a large city, the buildings seemed so large, and the streets so full of people. Bakersfield is the first town of anything like its size we have seen for a long, long time. They have, I believe, about fifteen thousand inhabitants. Before we left Bakersfield, however, it had gotten down to its normal size. Bakersfield is known as the oil town, being located in the oil district. It is a very busy, thriving town.

January thirty-first. We left Bakersfield at eleven o'clock, stopping for an hour at Oil Junction, where we were to have lunch with Mrs. Thos. Pierce. Mrs. Pierce has a sister and a niece in Kansas City. Her niece is a singer whom we have heard sing at the Hotel Baltimore in Kansas City. We walked to Lerdo, thirteen miles from Bakersfield, arriving there at three thirty o'clock. Lerdo is a new settlement, the land around the town being sold by a land company. There is no hotel, but a boarding house, which is run by Mrs. Bradford, where we arranged to get supper and breakfast. We got permission to sleep in a new shack which is empty. We had a very nice supper with Mrs. Bradford, although Irene and Ruth were unable to go there to eat on account of the fact that Mrs. Bradford's little daughter has the whooping cough, and we did not want to expose Ruth to it. So we took their supper to them. Morris and I spent the evening with Mr. and Mrs. Bradford, but Irene, Ruth and Gus had to go to bed as soon as they finished supper. It is cold in the evenings, and there is no fire in the sleeping shack. Mr. and Mrs. Bradford are from Missouri, and were glad to see people from "home." They have a son and daughter at school in Nebraska. They intend returning to Missouri some time soon, as they, like us, think there is no place like old Missouri. They are fine people, and very nice to us.

CHAPTER VIII

FEBRUARY FIRST. This morning we met Mr. and Mrs. Nealy, also from eastern states, and they are returning to Iowa this spring. We had breakfast at six thirty, and at nine o'clock we left Lerdo. We walked through the little town of Famosa. Here we met a man

who formerly lived in Kansas City, Mr. Corbett. He likes California fine, and has prospered here. We walked through McFarland, another small town, but a prosperous little place. All the farms in this section of this country are apparently just under cultivation. Some very nice homes are being built. We have now descended to an elevation of under four hundred feet. At five o'clock we arrived at Delano, having walked twenty miles. We stopped at the Delano Hotel.

February second. This morning when we went to the livery stable for Cheyenne we discovered the liveryman to be an old friend. His name is Mr. Shifflet. He came here four years ago from Atchison, and likes California very well. We left Delano at eleven o'clock and walked fourteen miles to Pixley, where we staid all night at the Pixley Hotel. Pixley is decidedly on the boom, although at present a very small place. The hotel is an enormous building, and is full of guests. We had a delightful evening with music and dancing. Everyone in Pixley made us feel they were glad to see us, and we have decided if we ever live in a small town it must be in Pixley, California.

February third. We had breakfast at six thirty. At eight o'clock we started. This morning there was quite a heavy fog, which vanished soon after the sun came out. Today we walked through Quail, but stopped only a moment there. At Tipton we spent an hour, and met some fine people. Tipton is also a booming town. We arrived at Tulare at four o'clock, having walked seventeen miles today. Tulare has about thirty-five hundred inhabitants, and is a thriving town. Here we saw a great many Japanese and Chinese. There are some beautiful country homes near Tulare, and extensive fruit farms, principally raisins. There are a great many eucalyptus trees. We are beginning to feel that we are in the land of fruit and flowers.

February fourth. We left Tulare at eleven o'clock and walked to Goshen Junction, eleven miles, arriving there at three o'clock. This is a junction on the Southern Pacific railroad, and a busy little place. The hotel here does not serve meals, so we took our meals at one of the lunch counters owned by Mr. John Boyd. We disposed of our army blankets at Goshen, as we have no further use for them. Cheyenne's pack is getting very light. We are

looking for a place to dispose of her now, as we do not want to take her into the city. But we have grown so fond of her that we want to see that she is well taken care of.

February fifth. When we started from the hotel to the lunch stand at seven o'clock this morning the fog was so dense we could not see the electric lights at the lunch stand, only a short distance away. Mr. Boyd had men standing in line for their breakfast, but we soon got places, and had a very good breakfast. Mr. Boyd is very fond of outdoor life, and is all enthusiasm about our long hike. He said he would like to walk on with us. Just before we started we asked which road to follow to Fresno, and a gentleman who had just come from the station said, "But the Fresno train has gone." He was much astonished when told why we did not seem depressed at this news. The Greek section foreman at Goshen served in the Greek-Bulgarian war, and he told us a great deal about it. He just returned a few months ago. We did not leave Goshen until ten o'clock. We had to walk around quite a distance today on account of a bridge wash-out on Kings River. We stopped at Kingsburg for an hour, then walked on to Selma, making nineteen miles today. Stopped over night at the Hotel Griffen. The road we are traveling now is the California State Highway, an asphalt boulevard, and we have to watch closely to see that we are not run over by an automobile. There are a great many of them in this section of the country, and they have some very reckless drivers; so we take no chances. It keeps us pretty busy on this road refusing invitations to ride, and some people get real "grouchy" after stopping the machine and we do not get in.

February sixth. Irene was forced to buy a pair of shoes here, as her old ones will not take her to San Francisco. So she will have to wear new shoes for two weeks whether they hurt or not. They hurt, there is no doubt of that. Morris, Gus and Ruth started to Fresno at ten o'clock, but Irene and I were delayed while she got the shoes. She made the mistake of leaving her old shoes behind her. When we had walked five miles to Fowler we knew our chances of catching up with the rest were very poor, and Irene's feet hurt so badly that we rested at Fowler for two hours. We visited the fruit packing plant, and were presented with some splendid raisins. We saw pile

after pile of raisins, many other kinds of dried fruit, also. We managed to get within four miles of Fresno before Irene gave up entirely. She intended to take her shoes off and walk in her stocking feet, but I thought the sensible thing was to ride. So the next automobile invitation we received we accepted. The gentlemen in the car were astonished when told how far we had walked. They drove to the different livery barns to find our party. We finally found them, and went to the Fulton Grand Central Hotel. The gentlemen we rode with are Mr. B. F. Townsend and Mr. Sam Gunder. We are going to make the four miles up in some way, although we think we have done so several times. We walked fifteen miles today.

Fresno is a city of about forty thousand inhabitants, and the streets are full of people. It is a thriving little city in the heart of the raisin country.

February seventh. A reporter called on us shortly after breakfast. At ten o'clock we went to the livery stable to get Cheyenne and Prince, and discovered that Prince was gone. Whether lost or stolen we could not tell, but hardly think he would get lost. We went back to the hotel to see if he might have gone there, but could find no trace of him. Gus went to the city pound to see if he might have been picked up by the dog catcher, but got no trace of him there. We telephoned to Mr. Townsend and he came to the hotel. He told us to advertise for the dog in his name, and he would take care of him for us if he found him. After hunting for Prince every place we thought he could possibly be, and advertising for him, we left Fresno at one o'clock, but it was a miserable little party that plodded out of Fresno. Plodded is the only word that fits. All the spring was gone from the hikers. We did not realize how much Prince meant to us until he had gone. All afternoon we kept watching for him, hoping that he might get loose and follow us.

Just out of Fresno we passed Roeding Park, and although we walked through it we did not enjoy it. We were in no humor to enjoy anything. However, it is quite a pretty park.

We walked ten miles to Herndon, just a small station, and no hotel. We arranged to stay all night with Mr. and Mrs. Allen, who have a store in Herndon. Mr. and Mrs. Allen did not encourage us about getting Prince back, for they have had several dogs stolen in Fresno, and got

none of them back. Ruth had a playmate this evening, Marion, the baby daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Allen. She is two years old, and looks like a large doll.

February eighth. We left Herndon at nine o'clock. One mile out we crossed the San Joaquin River, a pretty good sized stream. At the present time there is lots of water in it on account of the recent rains. We noticed a number of pumping plants on the river. They pump water from the river for irrigation purposes. We walked twelve miles to Madera, getting there at two o'clock, and went to the New Alta Hotel. Mrs. Dyer, the proprietor, was so nice to us. She is a charming woman.

Ruth just realized this afternoon that Prince was really gone, and had a hard cry. We had just succeeded in getting her quieted when some one knocked at the door. We opened it, and there was Prince and Mr. Townsend. Mr. Townsend said that a gentleman called him over the telephone from Layton, fifteen miles from Fresno, saying he saw the advertisement in the paper, and that a dog had been brought there the day before answering the description of Prince. Mr. Townsend drove to Layton and got him. He had been stolen and sold to the gentleman at Layton for one dollar and fifty cents. We considered this quite an insult to Prince. Mr. Townsend gave the gentleman five dollars for us, but he said he had much rather send us twenty-five dollars and keep the dog. Prince was in a kind of dazed condition, and did not act as usual all evening. Mr. Townsend staid until his train left for Fresno, saying he would see us in San Francisco in about a month.

February ninth. We had a very late breakfast. We had quite a visit with Mrs. Dyer and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Jones, of San Lucas, California. Mrs. Jones is a cousin of Robert Tully, the playwright, who wrote "Bird of Paradise." She is a very bright little woman.

We left Madera at eleven o'clock, and walked through the little towns of Berendo, Fairmead and Califa. Fairmead and Califa are "boom" towns, and the country around them is settling rapidly. Everything is new. Fairmead has gotten a fine start. We walked to Chowchilla, making sixteen miles today. At the entrance to the town is a great arch which says, "Entrance to 108,000 Acres, Chowchilla, Calif." The town is now just about one year old, but has numbers of business houses, and

sidewalks of concrete that are twelve and eighteen feet wide. It is apparently intent upon being a city. They had no rooms at the hotel, nor at the lodging house. We got rooms at a private house, and ate supper at the restaurant, and it was a very good one.

February tenth. While going from our rooms to breakfast this morning we were almost wet from the fog. It looked like a very fine rain falling, and we could see only a few feet from us. We had a splendid breakfast. The people of Chowchilla are very agreeable to strangers. Many of them are native sons.

We left Chowchilla at eleven o'clock, stopping for half an hour at Minturn, just a mile from Chowchilla. We have thought we have found the perfect day a good many times before, but we were mistaken; this is the perfect day. We saw lots of almond trees today, and a great many raisins, and grapes. Just before we arrived at Merced we saw olive trees fairly loaded with ripe olives. We tried them, but did not like them at all. We got to Merced at five o'clock, having walked seventeen miles today. We stopped at the Central Hotel.

February eleventh. We walked fifteen miles today, stopping at Atwater, a small town, where we met some very nice people. A short distance before we got to Livingston we overtook a gentleman, Mr. Golden, who spoke to us, saying we were the better walkers. He was walking to the train to go to San Francisco, his home, and said he would be very glad to show us the city when we get there. At Livingston we staid at the Livingston Hotel, and were served with a dinner that reminded us of home. Mr. Ottman, the proprietor, was formerly an interior decorator and designer in New York City, and he has been in the west four years. He has a ranch near Livingston. We enjoyed meeting such refined and educated people as Mr. and Mrs. Ottman.

February twelfth. We started from Livingston at ten o'clock. At Delhi the section men were working, but had stopped to eat lunch, and insisted upon giving us some "torteos," the Mexican bread. It was not bad, at all. They served it caliente (hot), having heated the bread on a stick in their campfire. Inside the torteos was some hot peppers and meat.

At Turlock, a town of about four thousand people, we stopped for an hour. We met the editors of the Journal,

and talked to them for some time. About three miles from Turlock we met a lady and little girl driving in a buggy. Their horse became very frightened at Cheyenne. The little girl tried to get out of the buggy, and fell, the wheel ran over her ankle, which was caught in the lines. Fortunately she was not hurt, but the buggy shaft was broken. After we had the horse quieted and the shaft mended temporarily the lady said she supposed she could drive the horse to Turlock, but she would never drive it again. At Keys, a very small town, we could not find a place to stay all night, so walked on to Ceres, making twenty miles today. We stopped at the Ceres Hotel. Ceres is so named because of the grain formerly grown here, but they do not raise grain very extensively now. It is a very old town, much older than Modesto, four and one-half miles away, but Modesto has left it far behind.

February thirteenth. This morning we saw the heaviest fog we have seen. The water dripped from our coats and hats before we were out very long. The automobiles all kept strictly to the proper side of the highway, the horns tooting all the time. Just before we got to Modesto the fog lifted suddenly, but the damage to our naturally curling hair (?) was already done. I notice a great many ladies in this country affect a very plain style of wearing the hair, and I understand the reason for it.

At Modesto we stopped at the Swan Hotel. At one o'clock Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Andlauer, of Kansas City, arrived from San Francisco. They are in the west on a pleasure trip, and came to Modesto to stay a couple of days with us. We were very glad to see them, the first friends we have seen for several months. We talked all afternoon. In the evening we went to the picture show.

February fourteenth. We staid in Modesto all day. Did nothing but visit and walk around looking at the town. In the evening at eight o'clock Mr. and Mrs. Andlauer started to Los Angeles, where they will stay a month before returning to Kansas City.

February fifteenth. We are leaving Cheyenne in Modesto, and all of us feel badly to part with our faithful friend. We will always have a friendly feeling for burros when we think of good old Cheyenne. At twelve o'clock we left Modesto with only Prince as live stock. We walked seventeen miles, going through the little towns of Salida and Ripon, and arriving at Manteca at five o'clock,

eighteen miles from Modesto. We staid at the Williams Hotel. The people of Manteca were very nice to us.

February sixteenth. Today we walked from Manteca to Tracy, fifteen miles. A light rain fell part of the day. At Tracy we staid at the Francis Hotel.

February seventeenth. We left Tracy at eight o'clock, although it was raining quite hard. But we are so near the end of our journey that it would take very bad weather to make us stop over any place. Not far out from Tracy we saw a field of yellow poppies, and in spite of the tall, wet grass, we gathered armloads of poppies. At Midway, a small town, we mailed several boxes of poppies to Kansas City.

We left the San Joaquin valley behind us today and crossed a range of mountains. The sun did not shine all day, although it stopped raining. The pass through which we came today is the only pass through these mountains from the east, and two railroads, the Southern Pacific and the Western Pacific, go through this pass. A third road is being planned at the present time. The two roads run along very close together, sometimes passing under each other. The scenery is very beautiful. Although it is a little too early for the wild flowers to bloom as they do in the summer, we saw several fields that are beautiful with blooming wild flowers, lavender, pink, white and yellow being the prevailing color of the blossoms.

A work train is working on the railroad about four miles from the summit of the mountains, and when we passed them we asked if they had a cook car, as a great many of them do. I wanted a cup of tea, as I did not feel well. They had no cook car, but were able to give us a cup of tea and also a nice little lunch, which we enjoyed very much. Eating lunch is something unusual for us now, as we found we were better without eating lunch in the middle of the day. Mr. Zent, Mr. Stone and Mr. Ingersol, the gentlemen in the car, were very interested in our trip, and we staid at the car nearly an hour.

When we reached Altamont, the summit, we stopped half an hour. Altamont Pass has an elevation of about eleven hundred feet. We dropped rapidly down after leaving Altamont, and soon came out in the Livermore Valley. We have seen a number of valleys since leaving Kansas City, but none so beautiful as the Livermore. There is a color to the mountains surrounding the valley

that no others have had, and the valley is beautifully cultivated. It seemed as though we were getting a birds-eye view of an immense green garden.

At five thirty we arrived in the town of Livermore, twenty-four miles from Tracy. We stopped at Malley's Hotel. Livermore is a splendid little town with two thousand inhabitants.

February eighteenth. We left Livermore at ten o'clock. When we had walked about eight miles we left the Livermore valley, taking the mountain road again. We were much impressed by the manner in which a great many of the mountains are cultivated. We saw fields of vegetables and fruits, even grain, on the sides of the mountains clear to the top.

About three o'clock we were caught in a downpour of rain, with no place to find shelter. Before we arrived at a ranch house we were soaking wet. When within about three miles of Haywards we thought we were in the city, the houses being so close together. There are some beautiful homes out here, although many of them appear to be falling off the mountain side. It was getting late in the evening when we climbed the last crest and could see the thousands of lights in the valley before us, with San Francisco Bay ahead. We arrived at Haywards at six thirty o'clock, where we staid all night. We walked twenty miles today.

February nineteenth. Our last day on the hike. We started from Haywards at ten o'clock, but could not tell when we left Haywards and entered Oakland. It is solid city all the way. There are many small parks along this drive, and a great many floral gardens where flowers are grown for commercial purposes. The daffodils and violets are grown in large quantities. One gentleman invited us to pick what violets we wished.

Just before we reached the business section of Oakland it began to rain, so we did not stop in Oakland at all, but hurried to the Oakland Pier, where at three o'clock we stepped onto the ferry boat, the Berkeley, and as we watched the Oakland shore from the deck of the boat we could scarcely realize that our long hike of two thousand three hundred and eighty-four miles was at an end. Soon we passed Goat Island, and at three twenty o'clock the Berkeley glided gently into the slip at the San Francisco Ferry Building, and we stepped off in San Francisco. The

rain was falling in torrents, but this did not interfere with us walking to the Hotel Dale at Turk and Market Streets. From the windows of the hotel we looked out over the great city of San Francisco, half glad and half sorry that our long hike is ended.

CONCLUSION

THE following day after our arrival in San Francisco we delivered to Mayor Rolph the letters we carried from Mayor Jost of Kansas City and the mayors of the cities along our line of travel. We were interviewed by the reporters of the San Francisco newspapers, and through the Associated Press the news of our arrival was made known to those interested in our progress. We prepared to take up life as we left off on July 8th, 1913, but the pleasant memories of the months in the mountains and on the great western deserts will live always.